

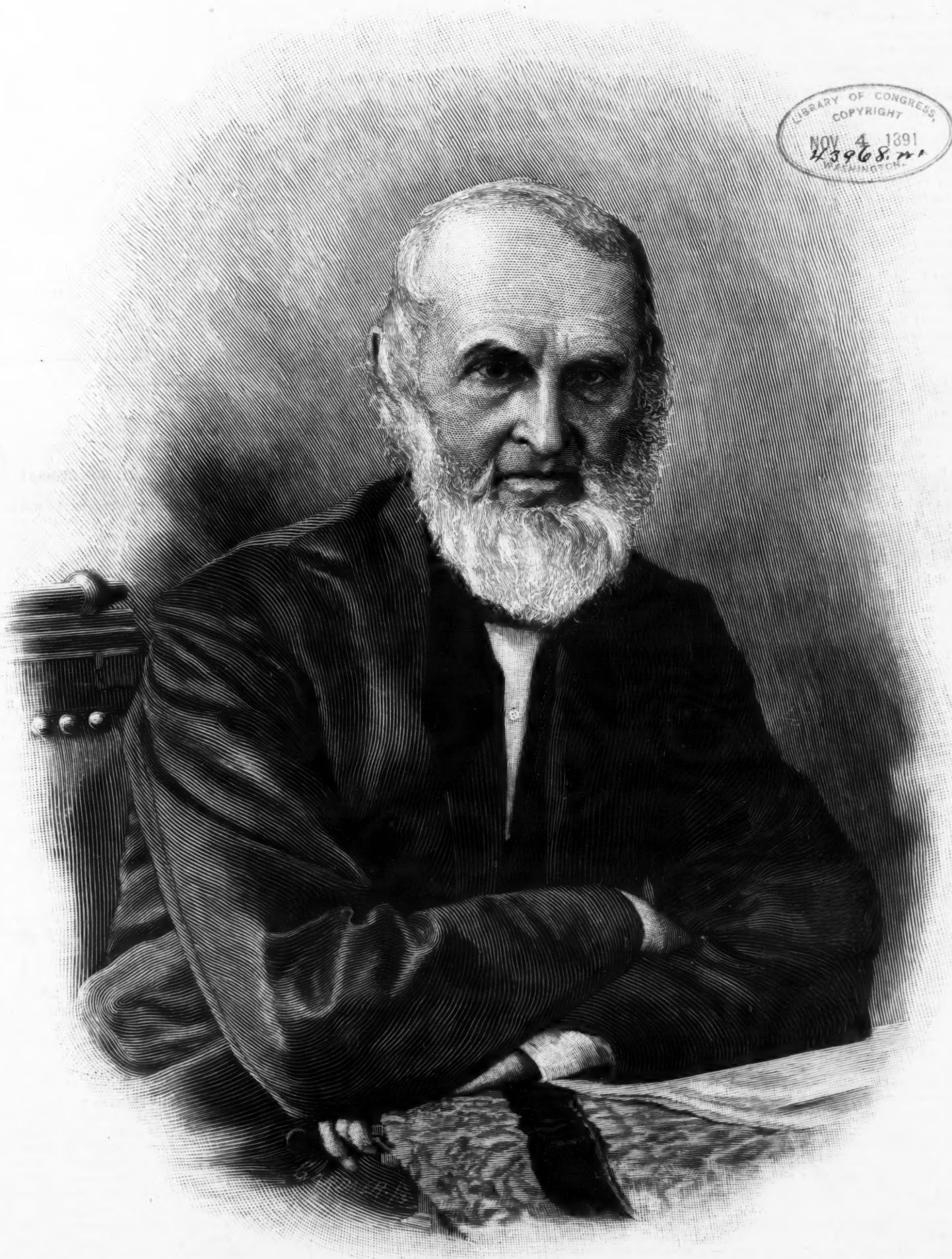
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, "THE POET OF FREEDOM," BORN DECEMBER 17TH, 1807.—FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTO BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 225.]

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

THE leading editorial contribution to next week's FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will be from the pen of Rev. James H. Ross, of Somerville, Mass., who takes as his topic "The New Educational Movement," otherwise known as international university extension. The article deals with the history of this movement, its aims and methods, and is at once interesting and valuable.

WOMAN IN THE STATE, THE LABOR-MARKET, AND THE HOME.

AMONG the burning questions of the day few, perhaps, arouse more widespread and passionate interest than that popularly known as "woman's rights." At first ridiculed as the mere fad of women who aimed at eccentricity, it has gradually won its way, by sheer force of honest and capable work, to a position of respect if not yet of complete acceptance.

It embraces in its scope not only the political claim to the full rights of citizenship, but the whole opening to women of the learned professions, the higher education, the service of the State. A generation which has seen women take the highest place in the English universities, in fair competition with men, both in classics and mathematics; which sees them practicing as physicians and lawyers; which sees them serving with credit to themselves and utility to their fellows in various places of public trust;—such a generation has forgotten the ridicule which once greeted the "blue-stocking" and mocked the "précieuse." The full recognition of her right to do all she can do is merely a question of time.

What should be woman's position in the State? One of perfect equality with her male comrade, her capacities fixing her duties as now they fix his. Apart from all questions of justice, of inherent right, woman may claim her full enfranchisement and her admission to all positions *ouvertes aux talents* on the ground of the benefits that have accrued to the community by her discharge of the public duties to which she has already been admitted.

In England, women can now serve as guardians of the poor, as members of school boards, and in some other less important posts. In all of these her utility has been fully, even brilliantly, proven. Our work-houses, especially in the departments of women and children, have felt her influence; the woman's eye, trained to matters of detail, accustomed to observe, has been turned with remarkable effect on the treatment of the poor. The woman guardian has paid unexpected visits to work-houses and asylums, has discovered the causes of suffering and disease, and has rescued children by the hundreds from petty systems of oppression that crushed the brightness out of their young lives and hardened and shriveled their hearts.

So again in all matters of education, her influence has been directed to brighten the school, to make the teaching really useful to the children, adapted to draw out all that is best in them, and, as far as possible, to smooth the way for the little feet. In short, just as far as she has been tested in public work, just so far has she answered to the test; and in claiming admission to the wider fields of public usefulness in the State, woman has the right to point to her record of honorable activity in all the posts open to her at the present time.

And we have the right to expect that she will bring to those larger duties the same conscientiousness, the same grasp of principles and power of applying them in detail, that she has shown in the public offices in which she has already served. Nor ought it to be forgotten that for the complete development of the State the feminine as well as the masculine element needs its full expression; for "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," and the value brought to the State by woman will depend on her preserving her individuality, not on her assimilating herself to man. As we see more accurately and judge with truer judgment when we use both eyes instead of one, so shall the citizen Humanity of the future use the complementary powers of both man and woman for the common weal.

In the labor market, in consequence of our unfortunate system of competitive industry, woman has been thrown into cruel and unnatural conflict with man. With the application of steam-power to machinery man lost his prime advantage of strength: steel and iron could take the place of muscle, and woman's greater deftness of finger gave her even an advantage over him in many processes of production. Now, woman's labor can be bought at a cheaper rate than that of man; wage follows cost of living, and a woman can live more cheaply than a man. Accustomed to petty self-denials, inured to household hardships, she can live where a man would starve, and the habit of submission, enforced on her for man's comfort in the home, has now become his worst enemy in the labor market.

Further, the mother's "second nature" of sacrifice for her children has made her the more willing drudge of the employer, on whose good will depended her children's bread. "I prefer women to men as hands," said a Lancashire employer in his evi-

dence before a royal commission, "and married women most of all, for they are more docile." Aye, docile! for the tiny fingers dragging at mother's gown for food will pull her to the factory at any wage, rather than there shall be empty cupboard at home that mother's toil can fill.

And there is a darker reason why woman's labor should be cheaper than that of men: in the fierce competition for the employment that means life, worker underbids worker, and too often she who can live on least wins the day; one last resource woman has that man has not—she can sell herself. And I have known girls "living" on a wage of seventy-five cents and one dollar a week, supplementing the wage with the payment of the streets, and employers so lost to all sense of human decency that they have reckoned on this supplementing of the shameful wage they pay.

In the past man's jealousy of woman's labor has played into the employer's hands, for it has prevented men and women workers from making common cause: their true policy lay in joining hands, in forming common organizations, in insisting on equal pay for equal work, and only by pursuing this road will they put an end to the strife which enables the employer to use each against the other, to their loss and to his gain.

And what of the home? In this entry into the State, in this struggle in the labor-market, is woman to lose her old place in the home? Nay; why should she, any more than man, lose the home grace and joy in acquiring the wider usefulness? If it be true that the home will be destroyed and its purity soiled by woman touching the concerns of the outer world, what a confession of the weakness of the home, or of the need of extending to the world the influence which has purified and ennobled the smaller community!

The purity which is ignorance may fail, but the purity which is wisdom and strength will save. I have little doubt that the marriage of the future will be one of equal friends and comrades, and that highly educated women, taking part in the throbbing life of the world, will refuse to give all the prime of their lives to the duties of the nursery. Families will be smaller, but children will only be the more tenderly loved when their number is less, and the responsibility of fatherhood and motherhood is entered into with more thought and more conscience.

Love between husband and wife will preserve its earlier beauty when stronger self-restraint lends dignity to the home and the tie is of friendship blossoming into love rather than of passion falling into satiety. From such marriages will spring a nobler manhood and womanhood, free alike from coarseness and from frivolity, and a stronger, tenderer type shall evolve from men free from lust and women free from folly.

"Dream! Utopia!" do I hear my readers say? Nay, it is a vision, not a dream; a prophecy, not a Utopia. For already there stands among us the wisdom that shall teach, the love that shall purify—that by mastering alike the intellect and the heart shall mould the thoughts that create, the emotions that inspire; thoughts that shall clothe themselves in the outer order of a new world; emotions that shall breathe new life through the men and women of a brighter day.

Annie Besant

LONDON, ENGLAND, 1891.

A STIRRING EPISODE RECALLED.

THERE died a few days since, in a Southern city, a retired naval officer whose name, thirty years ago, filled all the trumps of fame as the vindicator of the dignities and rights of American citizenship. His death, at a ripe old age, recalls one of the most stirring and impressive incidents of American history. Martin Koszta, a native of Hungary, after residing two years in the United States, and declaring his intention of becoming an American citizen, in 1853 visited Smyrna on business, intending to return soon. In the month of June of that year he was seized by the Austrian authorities and placed in confinement on an Austrian ship, on the ground that he still owed military allegiance to that Government. He protested that he was an American citizen, but he possessed no passport, no evidence of citizenship; the only basis of his claim being the court's certificate that he had "declared his intention." Having been born an Austrian subject and shared in the rising in Hungary, the Austrians were in no mood to listen to his appeals; having him in their clutch, they meant to hold him. Just in the height of the excitement over his seizure, Captain Duncan N. Ingraham, commanding the American ship-of-war *St. Louis*, arrived in the port of Smyrna. The facts in the case were brought to his attention, and he immediately demanded the release of the prisoner. The demand was disregarded. Thereupon Captain Ingraham addressed a communication to the *Charge d'Affaires* of the United States in Constantinople, stating the facts and asking an early decision as to his duty in the premises. Meanwhile Captain Ingraham worked his way into the inner harbor, and with shotted guns anchored under the stern of the *Hussa*, on which Koszta was still held in confinement, at the same time notifying the commander of that vessel that the prisoner must be held untouched and within reach until an answer came from Constantinople. In addition to the *Hussa* there were five other Austrian vessels in the harbor, the entire fleet numbering thirty-three guns and five hundred and fifty-three men. The armament of the *St. Louis* consisted of twenty guns with two hundred and twenty men.

Some ten days passed, when the reply came from the diplomatic representative at Constantinople embodying the official opinion that Koszta was entitled to American protection. A peremptory final demand was thereupon made for his surrender, accompanied by the statement that unless he was delivered within eight hours Captain Ingraham would bombard the city and take the prisoner by force. The *St. Louis* was stripped for action and lay in fighting trim awaiting the reply of the Austrian authorities. This came some hours later in the form of a proposal to surrender Koszta to the French consul, to be held subject by him to the disposition of the United States and Austrian consuls. This proposal affording sufficient assurance of the personal safety of the prisoner, Captain Ingraham assented to it, and

Koszta was permitted to go down the side of the *Hussa* a free man. As he did so the drums of the *St. Louis* were beating to quarters. Koszta was subsequently returned to the United States in triumph on board the *St. Louis*.

The case was one of the most notable in our history, and gave rise to an elaborate discussion between William L. Marcy, the then distinguished Secretary of State, and M. Hulsemann, the *Charge d'Affaires* of Austria. The conduct of Captain Ingraham was fully approved by the United States Government, and one year later Congress, by joint resolution, requested the President to present him with a medal. His gallantry and decisive action settled for many years the question of the rights of American citizens abroad. Every American felt, when standing on foreign soil, that the flag of the country was over him, and that it represented a power which would brook no insult or encroachment upon his rights.

That was a day of real, robust Americanism. The vigor of the parent native stock had not yet been impaired by wholesale alien infusions from all the effete, decaying nationalities of Europe. It would be well if we had uniformly, in these latter days, the same vigor in the assertion of the rights of American citizens at home as well as abroad.

THE SEARLES WILL CASE.

THE will of Mrs. Searles has been admitted to probate without any discussion by the lawyers. This prompt disposition of the matter has created some surprise. But if the essential facts of this case were stated with reference to an estate of ordinary dimensions it would be regarded as a very commonplace affair. If a childless widow of sixty, with a moderate fortune, had married a man of forty, and within three years had died leaving him all her estate, everybody would say that it was perfectly natural and reasonable. And the fact that a boy, a stranger in blood, had been adopted by her former husband, and had been only moderately provided for, would not alter the case. But here is an estate so large that the lawyers cannot tell whether it is twenty millions or forty millions. When these ordinary facts are applied to such a mass of property as this, and a law-suit comes to expose the whole domestic situation, they become a matter of public concern. We are eager to know how it all happened—how this young man "did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in his." But, after all, there was nothing very strange in the story.

The widow of Mark Hopkins, one of the California millionaires, was left with vast wealth and one adopted son. In dealing with her possessions she prudently engaged a firm of eminent lawyers and a capable architect. She directed the latter to build a palace for her. This duty brought her in daily contact with him, and the intercourse ripened into affection on her part, and, as was very proper under the circumstances, into a proposal of marriage from her. It is not to be wondered at that he "did seriously incline" to such a suggestion, and that after a year of deliberation he married her. This seems to have been the "head and front of his offending." Nor is it strange that the adopted son was not consulted. He had been well provided for and was treated with due consideration, although he was of course disappointed in reasonable expectations. On the day of the marriage the husband and wife each executed a will in favor of the other. Mr. Searles had an estate worth about \$150,000, which was insignificant as compared with that of his wife, but he devised to her his all, as she did to him.

A partnership had been formed with her lawyers, who were to relieve her from all care of her property and receive ten per cent. of the income. They seem to have done their duty faithfully, and the married couple were at liberty to enjoy their wealth, which they did in the usual way—traveling in Europe and completing the palace.

But the end soon came, and the rich wife died in less than three years, leaving the young husband the owner of all her wealth. This is the whole story, and there is nothing very remarkable in it except the magnitude of the pile which has fallen to the lot of the fortunate architect; and while he cannot fairly be said to have been the architect of his own fortune, there is no good reason why he should not be permitted to enjoy it in peace. The adopted son was not content with his provision, and filed a caveat against the will. The usual grounds in such cases are want of capacity and undue influence. In this case there was no question as to the mental capacity of Mrs. Searles, and the only reason suggested for refusing probate was undue influence. In order to give some force to this suggestion the "whole course of love" of these married people, who on the day of their union bequeathed all their worldly goods to each other, has been spread before the public. Their letters and the diary of the wife on her wedding tour have been exposed. All their private dealings with their counsel and the state of their accounts have been revealed; and this not in the interest of any creditor or kindred, but in order that an adopted son may contend that the influence of a husband over his newly-married wife is undue, if it leads her to provide that he shall enjoy her property after her death. Nothing has been revealed to impute any unworthy motive to Mrs. Searles. All the testimony shows that she loved her husband, and that her will was prompted by that affection. It would be a strange doctrine to hold that the love which leads to marriage is under any circumstances an undue influence in a legal sense.

In fact, the popular notion of undue influence as a reason for breaking a will is not founded on principle or justified by decisions. Although contests over wills devising large estates are constantly going on, it is generally in the hope of a settlement, and too often in the nature of blackmail. There has been little encouragement for them in the opinions of the courts. Within a very short time there have been some emphatic judicial declarations on the subject. The Supreme Court of the United States, in a case decided last year, declared that "imposition, fraud, importunity, duress, or something of that nature, must appear; otherwise that disposal of property which accords with the natural inclination of the human heart must be sustained." In February last the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania upheld a will made by a man subject to delirium tremens, leaving all his property to the son of the keeper of the hotel where he lived

a confirmed drunkard. The judge in his opinion declared that the son served out the liquor to the testator at intervals and "stopped the drink on him when he thought he had enough." These services endeared the son of the hotel-keeper to the drunkard, and in a sober interval he bequeathed him all his estate. And the court held that this influence was not undue.

And Chancellor McGill, in New Jersey, has just sustained the will of the bigamist, Hezekiah B. Smith, in an opinion which ought to discourage future contestants in this line of attack. Smith was married and had children in New England. He deserted them and went to New Jersey. He got rich there and was sent to the State Senate and to Congress. He married a young woman, and while engaged in his political contest the story of his life came out. The younger wife died before him, and he made a will, in pursuance of a promise made to her, devising all his estate to found a charity. The real wife and her sons contested it on the ground of undue influence, but the chancellor upheld it, admitting all the facts, and denouncing in the severest terms the conduct of the testator. In fact, it is the settled doctrine that men and women of sound mind may do what they will with their own, within the statutory limitations of their domicile. It is hard, therefore, to perceive why a woman may not bequeath her property to her husband, even if she has an immense mass of it, and she is sixty and he only forty.

The case was so plain upon the facts proved that it was submitted without argument, and the court read its opinion. But it was stated that there would be an appeal. The estate is too large for such a summary ending of controversy over it. It is not probable, however, that the appeal will be successful. The facts proved showed beyond dispute that the will contested was made by a wife of sound mind in favor of the husband of her choice, on the day of her marriage, and was, therefore, in the language of the Supreme Court above quoted, "in accordance with the natural inclination of the human heart."

THE CHILIAN AFFAIR.

THE report made by the naval officer sent by this Government to Chili, to investigate the assault upon American sailors in Valparaiso, shows that the attack was in every way cowardly and brutal. The mob engaged in the outrage consisted of about one hundred men, all of whom were armed, and some of whom are said to have been policemen in the employ of the Chilean Government. All the testimony goes to show that the attack was totally unprovoked. Some of the men were very badly stabbed and cut; one of them received as many as eighteen wounds in the back, and one was killed. Thirty-three American seamen were arrested by the authorities and detained without any proper warrant. It seems to be clear that these seamen were without arms and defenseless, that they were innocent of any misconduct, and that the outrage was so flagrant that some few sailors of the Chilean fleet interfered in behalf of the assailed parties.

It is said that the President has directed Minister Egan to demand prompt and suitable reparation from the Chilean Government, on the ground that the assaults were made upon peaceful men in the service and wearing the uniform of a friendly government. If the demand of this Government in the premises shall not be promptly complied with, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to enforce it in a way likely to compel respect for the authority of this Government. It is high time that something positive should be done for the protection of American rights against the effrontery and insolence of petty Powers which presume to take advantage of our indolent good nature.

NOT A BAD WORLD.

THERE is a man in Newark, N. Y., who thinks this world was not properly created. Mr. J. Wilson, Ph.D., is the gentleman. Before us lies a voluminous book by him on "The Radical Wrongs in the Precepts and Practices of Civilized Man." It opposes war, deprecates the vanity of men and women, says that the children of to-day are enslaved, that prevailing notions of marriage are delusions, that our religious belief is for the most part utter nonsense, that our system of education is based upon error, that the accumulation of riches is unnecessary and unjust, that there is no right to demand either interest or rent, to devise or inherit property, or to punish crime on the basis of revenge. Mr. Wilson recommends that we go back to the old patriarchal system and promote a reverence for age and a due regard for wisdom and sense.

It is not strange that any man in this age of progress should hold to such views, but it is remarkable that he should go to the expense and trouble to print them in a book under the delusion that people want to buy and read the volume. A great many wrongs exist in this world. That is undeniable; but a vast majority of persons who live in it are quite well satisfied with it. Every one can suggest possible improvements from his standpoint; but, after all, considering the varieties of tastes and temperaments, ambitions and passions that prevail, the world seems to have been pretty well adapted to the sort of men and women who live in it.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

THE proceedings of the socialist party congress, recently held at Erfurt, prove beyond doubt that the breach in the ranks of the German socialists is irreparable. The moderate element, headed by Vollmar, who on account of his somewhat aristocratic inclinations has not inaptly been nicknamed the "Silk-stocking Socialist," remained in possession of the field, while the extremists like Bebel, Singer, Auerbach, and others, who advocated a policy of "slowly revolutionizing the masses," considered it wise to withdraw both from the congress and the party, in order to avoid being forcibly expelled. It is but natural that the authorities at Berlin, particularly the young Emperor, should felicitate themselves upon this desirable result, which they ascribe solely to the repeal of the socialist laws. The departure from the former policy of coercion has undoubtedly improved matters very materially. Bismarck's gag-law dealt as harshly with the mildest socialistic ideologist as with the advocate of murder and dyna-

mite, and common misery cemented the factions so firmly that all dissensions within the party were silenced for the sake of self-protection. After the repeal of the socialist law the necessity for keeping together these heterogeneous elements ceased, and they parted as soon as the proper occasion presented itself.

Doubtless this breach was one of the good effects of the Emperor's new policy, as it showed that the majority of the German socialists are rather harmless than otherwise, and will be perfectly satisfied if they are permitted to discuss their theories from the standpoint of political economy. To these lofty regions, however, they will have to confine themselves, for practical propositions which would naturally smack of republicanism, or attempts to criticize the Government or the personal acts of the Emperor, are not tolerated in Germany; gag-law or no gag-law.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

WE gladly commend FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, as we have a fellow-feeling for a journal at once so entertaining, energetic, and beautiful.—*Troy (N. Y.) Press.*

It is gratifying to learn that the United States Government has obtained eighteen indictments against the officials of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for sending lottery advertisements through the mails in violation of law. These indictments have been obtained in South Dakota, and United States officers have promptly arrested the accused parties, among whom is General Beauregard, one of the conspicuous figures in the lottery management. This vigorous action on the part of the Government will be applauded by every friend of good morals; and if conviction shall be had in the cases of those indicted, a very decided step will be taken toward the final extermination of this monstrous evil.

THE Government of Italy seems to have gotten over its pet with reference to the recent New Orleans affair, and is now apparently quite anxious to be on friendly relations with the United States. It has recently revoked the decree issued more than twelve years ago prohibiting the importation of pork, bacon, etc., from this country. Thus the snout of the American hog breaks down another barrier of prejudice, and secures another market for American enterprise. The repeal of the decree is regarded as specially important because of the influence it will probably exert in the furtherance of like action on the part of France and Austria-Hungary.

THE women of Chicago seem to have been possessed of a desire to vote at the municipal school elections, and some ten thousand of them applied in a single day for the privilege of being registered. The election commissioners denied their right to register, but some seven hundred of them succeeded in getting their names on the poll lists. Others, who failed to do so, have declared that they will carry their cases to the Supreme Court in order to secure the enjoyment of their rights. The newspapers of the city have generally maintained the right of the women to register and vote. It would be fortunate for the public, and contribute undoubtedly to the promotion of sound education, if the women of that and every other city were allowed to express their convictions through the ballot.

PERHAPS the morals of London are no worse than those of any other foreign capital, but it is certain that what is there called good society seems to be rotten to the core. It is stated that two hundred and sixty-seven divorce cases are on the docket of one of the courts which is about to open, and many of these have their origin among the so-called nobility; very few of them, indeed, seem to come from the humbler classes. The fact appears to be that society in Great Britain looks with complacency upon moral offenses which in this country would hardly be tolerated. A title is almost invariably a shelter for the worst sort of offenses. In the last ten years there have been but two or three cases in which titled criminals have been brought to justice.

A RECENTLY published statement showing the ratio of liquor-dealers to population in the several States, based upon the official census returns and reports to the Internal Revenue Bureau, embodies some curious facts. It appears, for instance, that the number of taxed retail liquor-dealers is lower in proportion to the population in the so-called fire-eating Southern States, where consumption is confined to whisky, than in the more conservative commonwealths of the North. Thus, in Alabama, there is but one liquor-dealer to 1,188 inhabitants; in Arkansas one to 1,170 inhabitants; and in South Carolina one to 1,153; while in the prohibition State of Vermont there is one liquor-dealer to every 865 inhabitants. Indeed, the statement seems to bear rather unfavorably on all the prohibition States. We find, speaking specifically, that Kansas has one liquor-dealer to 823 inhabitants; Maine, the parent of the whole prohibition system, has one dealer to 702 inhabitants; while in Iowa there is one authorized liquor-seller to every 455 people. Montana has the maximum of dealers to population, there being one to every sixty persons. Nevada comes next, and is followed by California with one to every ninety-one. The State of New York has one liquor-dealer to 157 inhabitants. There is food for reflection in these official figures.

THE Democratic pretense that the McKinley tariff would seriously restrict our foreign commerce is very effectually disproved by the statistics for the year ending September 30th, just given to the public. It appears from these statistics that the total value of our imports during that period was \$824,715,270, as compared with a total of \$813,469,391 for the previous year, an increase of \$11,245,879; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that during the last six months of 1890 the imports were unusually great in anticipation of the passage of the new tariff law. Of the total imports, \$427,363,212 were subject to duty, while \$397,352,058 were non-dutiable. In the previous year the total amount of dutiable imports was \$534,200,720, while those free of duty

amounted to \$279,259,671. Thus the percentage of imports free of duty has increased 14.96 per cent. These statistics show that the Chinese wall of exclusion about which our Democratic friends have talked so glibly is a mere figment of the imagination. We learn from the same statement that our exports during the year just closed were the largest in our history, having amounted in value to \$933,091,136, as compared with \$860,177,115 for the previous year. These statistics are conclusive as to the healthful influence of the new tariff act upon our commerce.

THE annual report of General Schofield makes at least two important statements. The first is that the experiment of making soldiers out of Indians has proved satisfactory so far as it has gone, and, in the opinion of General Schofield, should be tenaciously adhered to. The other statement is that in the event of a general outbreak the entire military force of the United States would not be sufficient to prevent great loss of life and damage to property. This statement is made apropos of the recent disturbance among the Sioux. Fortunately, there are no indications of hostilities on the part of the Sioux, and the probabilities are that nothing except actual hardship or injustice will drive them to take up arms. There can be no doubt at all that it is much cheaper to educate the Indians and provide them homes in severity than to maintain a large force for the suppression of hostilities resulting from encroachments upon their rights or unfaithfulness on the part of the Government to its solemn engagements.

WALL STREET.—BETTER DAYS.

THE general impression that the New York Central dividend is to be increased, the publication of weekly reports by the Missouri Pacific, and reported rumors regarding a dividend on St. Paul common, are all evidences that the bulls are getting in their work. Business conditions, generally, favor an upward movement in stocks. I have no doubt that the European buyers are seeking our securities.

The market has dragged simply because a few of the leaders on Wall Street are aware of the fact that during the past two or three years some of the railways have been compelled to accumulate obligations that must now be met, and there is a fear that unless a prosperous era of considerable length ensues some of these roads may find their future jeopardized. How narrow has been their escape from receiverships and bankruptcy few can tell, but had there been another bad year, resulting from poor crops and cut rates, I firmly believe that nothing would have saved Wall Street during 1891 from a most serious and alarming panic.

The proposition to put a bond of several millions ahead of the Pacific Mail stock discloses the reason for that stock's weakness in the face of the fact that it was likely to be materially aided by a Government subsidy. Under the circumstances I am not as favorably inclined toward the purchase of Pacific Mail as I was, though I am still told that some of its manipulators and chief owners propose to give it an advance.

All the higher-class stocks and bonds continue in favor, and the safest speculations and investments are to be found in these, though their prices have materially advanced. I renew my advice to those who wish to speculate or to invest, that they look over the bond market and make their selections at prevailing low prices. There are still bargains in Wall Street.

OCTOBER 22d, 1891. *Jasper*:—Will you kindly advise me, through the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S, if you consider the following six per cent. bonds a good purchase for an advance, and whether they are fairly safe as an investment, and which of them would you prefer to buy at the present prices: Louisville, St. Louis and Texas sixes, Fort Worth and Denver sixes, Tenn. C. and I. R. Tenn. D. sixes, St. Joseph and G. I. sixes? Being a constant reader of your articles, I have a good deal of confidence in your information.

AN INVESTOR.

Ans.—The bonds mentioned by "Investor" are, I think, a good purchase for an advance at present prices, and are fairly safe. I think there is a better opportunity for a profit and larger returns, with greater safety, in the Tennessee coal and iron sixes, though some bond dealers do not like to take any properties of this kind. I base my information in this case upon the statement made personally to me by officers of the company: "These bonds are as good as government bonds." That is putting it a little too strong, I think.

WALLINGFORD, CONN., OCTOBER 22d, 1891. *Jasper*:—Have always followed your items on Wall Street with faith. Kindly answer the following: If you held several shares Missouri Pacific Railroad stock, fully paid, would you sell at present prices, 60 3/4? Do you think the same will pay a dividend in January, 1892? Would you exchange for some other stock, i.e., Missouri, Kansas and Texas, Chicago Gas, Erie common, or others?

Very truly,
INQUIRER.

Ans.—I think my correspondent is entirely safe in keeping his Missouri Pacific stock—that is, as safe as he would be with any first-class Gould stock. There are indications that Missouri Pacific is intending to do better things. It is for the first time regularly reporting its earnings, so that the public may know what it is doing. I base my suggestion, furthermore, upon the fact that one of the three or four largest holders of its stock was purchasing it at the recent decline all the way up from 58 to 62. Of course the Gould stocks are erratic, and Missouri Pacific may take the course of some of those that have sunk pretty low; but I am inclined to believe that Mr. Gould prefers to keep it on the high level of Western Union and Manhattan Elevated.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., OCTOBER 22d, 1891. *Jasper*:—Will you please answer, through your paper, if you consider Northern Pacific mortgages five, selling now about 82 1/2, as a safe investment? G. L. C.

Ans.—Northern Pacific fives at 82 1/2 are by many considered an excellent investment, and a large amount of them has been purchased and put away within the past few months. Of course a five per cent. bond selling at such a price cannot be considered gilt-edged, but the bond comes before all the stock of the Northern Pacific, and the road ought to be able to pay its interest charges if its income is anything like what it is reported to be. There are persons who believe that the Northern Pacific is heavily incumbered, and this fact, no doubt, has kept the bonds at a low price.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20th, 1891. *Jasper*:—Please advise me what day or afternoon of the week your article is handed in for publication generally. The reason I ask is this: In Philadelphia LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED is put on the stands on Tuesday about eleven o'clock, in New York on Wednesday about eleven o'clock, and probably other cities that are distant have certain receiving days for the paper. Now the main thing I want to know, and have often wished I could know, is how old your letter is when seen in paper, or what is generally the day it leaves your hands. This, of course, is a little personal wish of knowledge on my part.

H. H. D.

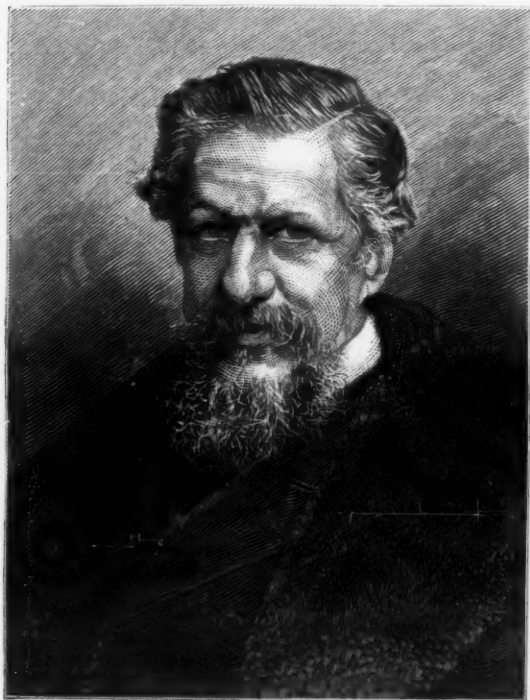
Ans.—I do not hesitate to answer the inquiry of "H. H. D." This letter is written on October 27th. It is about a week ahead of the date of its appearance. Of course my correspondent understands that in an illustrated paper a long time is required in the preparation of its illustrations, and particularly of its fine wood engravings, and the letter, press, therefore, has also to be prepared in advance. The printing is a slow matter, as fast presses cannot be run on fine work. JASPER.

NEW YORK LOSES ANOTHER SOCIETY LEADER.

MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, who has been for many years a conspicuous figure in New York society, is shortly to be married to Colonel Ralph Vivian, formerly of the Scots Guards. Mrs. Roberts, who is the widow of the wealthy steamship owner, who left her a valuable estate, has only recently returned from a residence of two years or more in Europe. During a part of the time she occupied the London house of Earl Spencer, in which she gave a number of superb entertainments. She has one son, thirteen years of age, now at an English school, who, when he is fifteen years old, will receive an income annually of six thousand dollars, which will be doubled upon his attaining his majority. Colonel Vivian is said to be some forty-five years of age, is a great hunter, and frequently is included in the parties at Sandringham, the country house of the Prince of Wales. Some years ago he visited this country for the purpose of hunting in the Rocky Mountain regions, and as he came accredited with letters from the Rothschilds and other famous families, he secured a ready admission into our best society. Whether he first met Mrs. Roberts during this visit or during one of her visits abroad is not known. While he is to be congratulated upon securing a bride so accomplished and beautiful as Mrs. Roberts, it is to be regretted that another of our prominent society figures is to be transferred to foreign soil.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, the distinguished poet and author, who is now in this country for the purpose of giving a series of fifty readings of his own works, has received a cordial welcome from his many admirers. Sir Edwin is a man of large views and wide sympathies, while his scholarly attainments are of the highest order. It is said, as a proof of the great popularity of his



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, THE ENGLISH AUTHOR.

works, that over eighty editions of his "Light of Asia" have been printed and sold in this country, while the twentieth edition of his latest book, "The Light of the World," is now in progress. In a recent interview Sir Edwin explained that his last great



MONUMENT TO HENRY W. GRADY, UNVEILED AT ATLANTA, OCTOBER 21ST.



MRS. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, PROSPECTIVE BRIDE OF COL. RALPH VIVIAN, OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.

work was the natural logical sequence of his former books. "My idea," he observed, "has been briefly this: The great religions of the world are not mutual enemies, but own sisters; or you may call them the facets of a diamond, which reflect different rays of the same light. I have written these books of mine, which find their natural crown and finish in 'The Light of the World,' to bring out in each great religion its distinctive ray—what it especially reflects. By and by critics will find the thing out, and understand how logical I have been and how clear the plan was I have shown—how each great faith contributes a special color to the philosophical spectrum which makes the white light of truth."

In the midst of a discussion of material affairs Sir Edwin was asked if, in his opinion, Christianity was advancing.

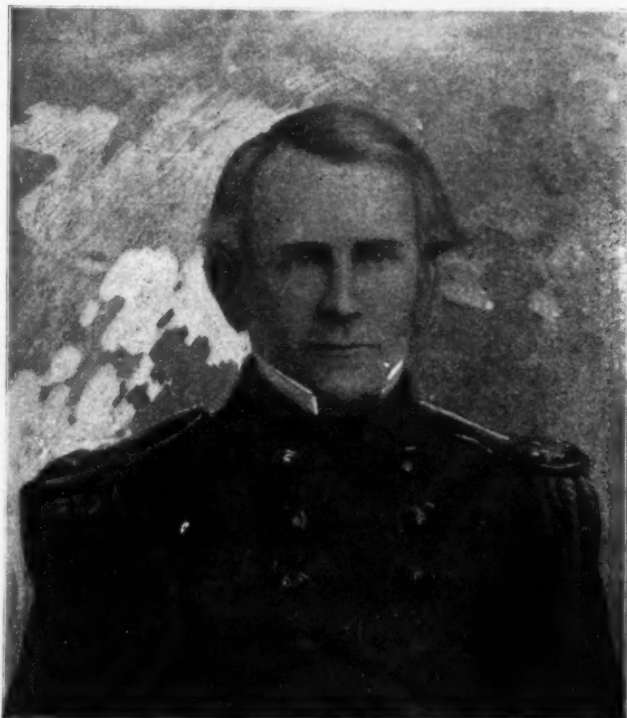
"When you ask me that," he replied, "it is as if you asked me if the years of this century were still advancing. Most certainly it is. I do not mean the stereotyped Christianity, not the orthodox, perhaps, but the real heart of it. Christianity must eventually amalgamate all other religions and be accepted universally."

THE GRADY MONUMENT.

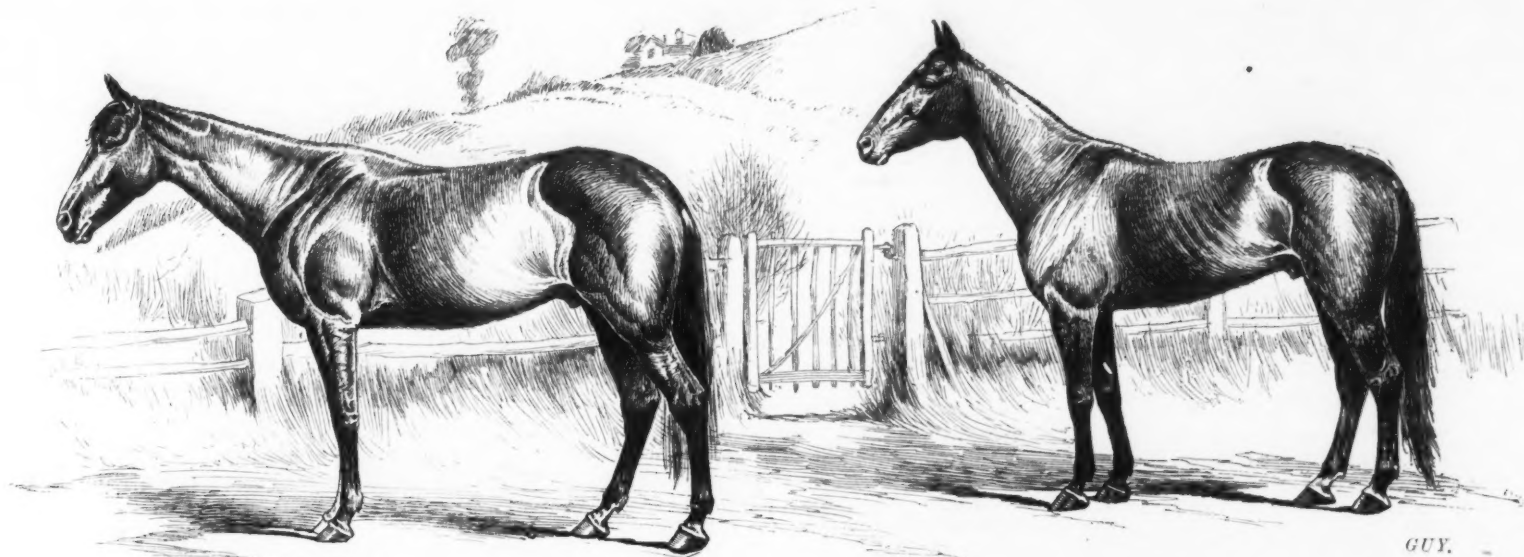
THE unveiling of the monument to the late Henry W. Grady, erected at Atlanta, Ga., was an occasion of extraordinary interest to the people of the South. The monument itself was erected by contributions from all classes of people, and from nearly every State in the Union. Subscriptions ranged from \$5 to \$1,000, and the total sum required was secured within a month. The monument has been previously described in these columns. The statue represents

Mr. Grady with uncovered head, standing in an easy attitude with the left foot somewhat advanced. On the right and left of the statue are allegorical figures of Memory and History.

The ceremonies attending the unveiling were of the most impressive character. The procession which marched through the streets and gathered at the monument included every civic and military organization in the city and many from surrounding towns. It was a notable fact that some members of the Grand Army of the Republic marched together with Confederate veterans. The oration by Governor David B. Hill, of New York, was eminently appropriate and was received with great favor. Governor Hill, during his visit to Atlanta, was entertained at a banquet by the Young Men's Democratic Club.

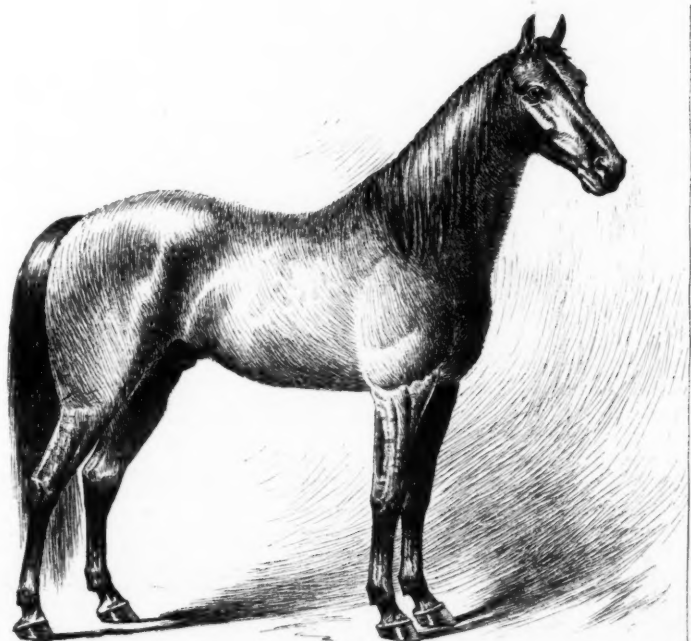


THE LATE CAPTAIN DUNCAN N. INGRAHAM, HERO OF THE MARTIN KOSZTA AFFAIR.—[SEE PAGE 216.]



AXTELL.

GUY.

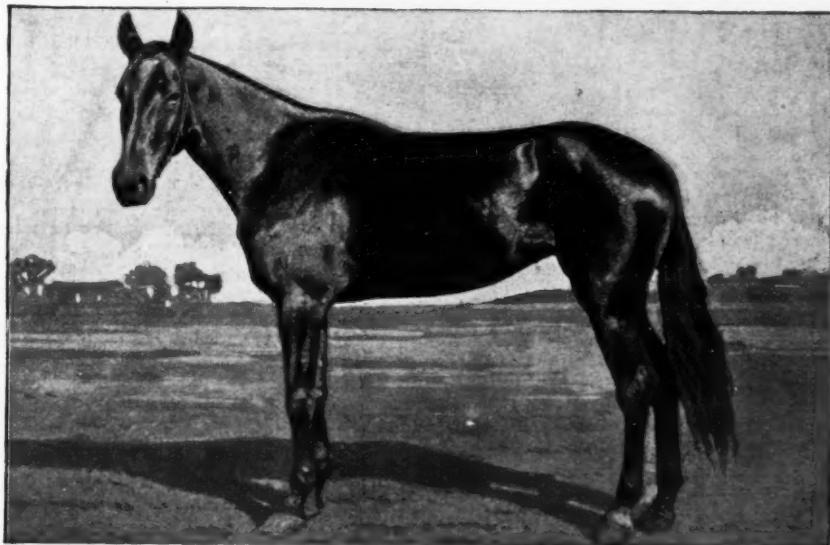


STAMBOUL.



PALO ALTO.

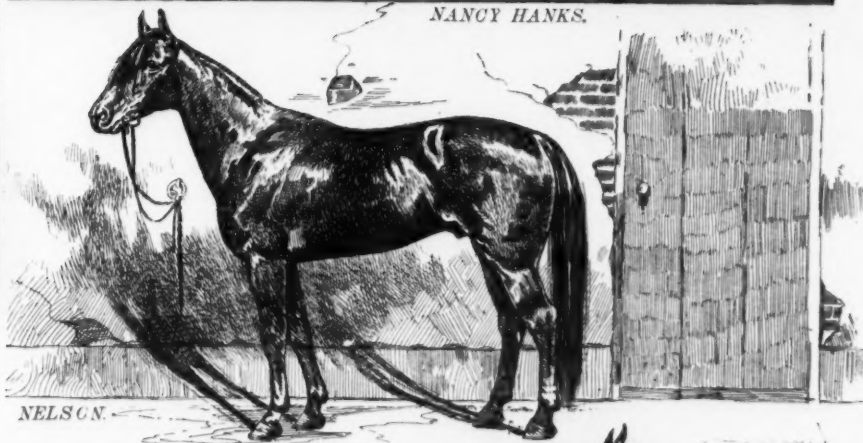
C. BUNNELL



NANCY HANKS.



MAUD S.



NELSON.



SUNOL.



ALLERTON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

TURN back, oh, dial-plate of time,
Spare to my locks their hue of jet;
With youth my glowing fancies rhyme—
For age I am not ready yet.

The wrinkled gray-beard, passing by,
Was he my schoolmate long ago?
Some hint like that flashed through his eye,
And yet I hold it is not so.

What means the traitorous almanac?
Who heeds the tale its pages tell?
I feel of youth I nothing lack,
In May's eternal realm I dwell.

Are not these flowers and fields as fair
As those in far-off days I knew?
To-day I fervently declare
I never saw a sky more blue!

Here's Maud, who wears the dainty rose
Of sixteen summers on her cheek;
Stop not the gray-beard—well he knows
'Tis but with her I care to speak.

Since naught of nature's charm has fled,
And on Maud's lips my lips have pressed,
There must be youth and joy ahead—
How can you ask a lovelier test?

Thrilled by the rapture of her smile,
Why should I mind the almanac?
Let Age conceal his frost a while—
Ask Time to turn his dial back.

JOEL BENTON.

THE GREAT SPARROW DISPUTE.

BY LEON MEAD.

I.



RABAN HOLLENBECK had been robbed of over six hundred thousand dollars—nearly all he had in the world. Matthew Rayfield, his guardian, had fled to parts unknown with the money, leaving the young man to hustle for himself as best he could.

Naturally Braban Hollenbeck was very much crushed and humiliated by the loss of his fortune. He was also very much enraged at old Matt

Rayfield, and disgusted with the human race in general. Hollenbeck's previous record for honesty had never been questioned, but now a mad desire possessed him to earn his livelihood by some sort of cunning mendacity. Because he himself had been victimized he illogically and wrongly reasoned that it would be all right to dupe others.

It was several weeks, however, before Hollenbeck proceeded to act upon his desperate resolution. He never had done any hard work in his life, and during his idle existence he had acquired a love of ease which is a common characteristic of the well-circumstanced young man of America. Whenever Hollenbeck ran out of cash he would sell some of his books, *objets d'art*, or clothing, and thus he managed until he had disposed of nearly all of his domestic and personal effects.

On a particular morning in April he was impressed, for the first time, with the contrast between his past and present surroundings. The walls of his cozy library, that had been covered with canvases of celebrated artists, were now destitute—even of the four little water-color studies by Tadema, which had been taken to Slee & Blake's gallery and there disposed of at a shameful sacrifice.

"My lot is becoming very forlorn indeed," said Hollenbeck to himself, as he began to strop his razor preparatory to removing from his face a three-days' growth of blonde stubble. "About the only thing remaining is the six-hundred-dollar music-box I bought in Florence. That probably would not bring more than a hundred now. Thank heaven, I have in my pocket two hundred and fifty of the mighty dollars—the proceeds of the sale yesterday of my two handsome Limoges vases."

Having completed his toilet, Braban Hollenbeck ceased his dismal monologue and went to one of the many Italian restaurants that are becoming so popular among Bohemians in the metropolis, to eat his breakfast. While thus engaged he casually picked up a morning newspaper, and soon his attention was arrested by the following singular advertisement:

"A gentleman who is dying desires to sell a secret by which much money can be made. Apply personally to-day at — Houston Street. Inquire for Mr. Dungleison."

"This is rather odd," observed the young man as he rose from the table. "But a dying man would not be likely to play tricks on people. I think I will call on Mr. Dungleison, and if he can point out to me the way to a lucrative business I don't mind paying for the information."

Within a quarter of an hour Hollenbeck was entering a narrow doorway on East Houston Street. A slatternly-looking Irish woman met him in the dark and not over-clean hall, and he asked her to direct him to Mr. Dungleison's room.

"Poor soul," said the woman, resting her arms akimbo and evidencing a willingness to be communicative. "He is not long for this world. He had another bad spell yesterday, and the doctor says he will not live till sundown. His room, sorr, is up three flights. Just knock on back door to the left."

Following these directions, the young man presently stood in a dingy chamber, in one corner of which was a rude cot. On it an emaciated old man was lying. His eyes, deeply ringed with blue-black lines, were terribly sunken. His whole appear-

ance was pathetic, and a simple glance at him proved to the visitor that Mr. Dungleison was dying. The old man stretched out his gaunt hands, saying:

"Young man, have you come in answer to my advertisement?"

"Yes," said Hollenbeck.

"The doctor had it inserted in the paper for me. I only want one hundred dollars—enough to give me a decent burial. Will you give me that sum for my great secret?"

Hollenbeck hesitated for a moment. The pitiful sight of the old man, however, prompted him, irrespective of the possible value of the secret, to answer yes.

"Promise me on your honor, young man."

"I promise," declared Hollenbeck, solemnly.

"Well, I have the recipe for dyeing sparrows yellow, so that they look exactly like canary birds."

After making this statement Mr. Dungleison succeeded in raising himself partially on his elbow. The effort set him to coughing violently, and he sank back on the ragged pillow quite exhausted. In a few moments he recovered his voice, though it was huskier than before, and resumed:

"After you dye these birds you can sell them for canaries for a dollar or more apiece. See? The recipe is there on the mantel with some other directions. You can hire boys to trap the sparrows and to sell them on the streets after they are treated. There's money in it. There's a great deal of money in it. I carried on this business in London for many years, but one of my boys finally peached on me because I would not raise his wages, and I had to fly. On the voyage to this country—that was over a year ago—I caught a heavy cold, and I have been ailing ever since. I have spent all my money in living and medicines, and you see how near the grave I am."

The old man's throat rattled, and Hollenbeck shuddered.

II.

AS the doctor had predicted, Mr. Dungleison died before sundown on that day. Hollenbeck stayed with him until he ceased to breathe, and then with a dumb awe he placed in his pocket the recipe, below which a dozen bits of advice were jotted down in a clumsy chirography, and went to an undertaker, to whom he gave one hundred dollars on condition that he would take charge of Mr. Dungleison's remains and properly inter them—a task, be it said, that the undertaker faithfully performed.

Hollenbeck went to his rooms deeply musing over the strange suggestion he had received from the lips of the dying man. He asked himself if it would be ridiculous for him to try to prosecute this deceitful enterprise, but he could not answer the question satisfactorily. And he went to bed in a fever of bewilderment, not being able to decide what to do. For days he remained irresolute and baffled, and the intensity of his absorbed ruminations on this subject began to affect his health. Insomnia seized him for its own. Great hollow circles appeared under his eyes and an abnormal pallor rested on his emaciated face. He lost his appetite, and went about with the morbid look and manner of a hypochondriac. Sad to relate, Braban Hollenbeck had become half mad. The gleam of incipient insanity could be distinguished in his eyes. But he did not sit idly and sulk. His mania was to retrieve his lost fortune, and he resolved to carry out old Dungleison's scheme.

Converting all of his remaining lures and penates, including the music-box, into cash, Hollenbeck rented four rear rooms in a tenement-house on the east side. He purchased a large copper kettle in which to make the chemical dye, and in the course of a fortnight completed all other necessary preparations. He advertised for assistants between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five, and more applicants appeared than he could engage. He hired ten men to set forth into different surrounding parts of the country to catch sparrows, promising the sum of twenty-five dollars to each one who should bring him two hundred of the live birds. None of these assistants was informed why Hollenbeck wanted these sparrows, and in his eagerness to gain the offered money he did not pause to inquire. Moreover, each man was advanced five dollars for expenses, and furnished an apparatus with which to trap the birds. After deciding to embark in the tentative pursuit recommended to him by poor old Dungleison, Hollenbeck had made some investigations not only as to the character and habits of the sparrow—the very pariah of ornithology—but also as to the most effective devices and methods employed in its capture. His researches acquainted him with the fact that the so-called English sparrow does not fall an easy prey to an ordinary trap, for it is a cunning and suspicious bird, that quickly takes alarm. He learned that one method of capture was by the use of nets, with the assistance of decoy and braced birds. The outfits and appliances Hollenbeck obtained at no great expense, and with them his ten hirelings departed for the wilds of New Jersey, up the Hudson, into the agricultural section of Westchester County, and into "darkest" Long Island. It was on a Monday in the latter part of May when they left their employer, with comprehensive instructions.

In the meantime Hollenbeck set his copper pot boiling and prepared some of the wonderful dye. He experimented on half a dozen or more sparrows that he had purchased at a bird-dealer's, and the result was remarkably successful. The sparrows in their yellow garb looked unmistakably like canaries, and when fed a little yellow corn or wheat or soaked stale bread they indulged in a musical chirp that one could easily fancy was a canary's cadenza.

On the following Wednesday one Joe Belloc came to Hollenbeck with three hundred and six specimens of the *passer domesticus*. That day Hollenbeck dyed all these sparrows and placed them in a large wire cage—built from the sanded floor to the ceiling. He also had had constructed a receiving-cage extending around three walls of another room.

At twilight two young men came in answer to an advertisement Hollenbeck had put in the papers under the heading "Bird Sellers Wanted." Both of these young men thought they could do well selling these canaries on the street—on a commission of twenty per cent. They were instructed to sell them at one dollar apiece, if it could be got, if not, then for fifty cents.

Then he cautioned them as to the proper way of handling the birds and of feeding them, and each young man went away with

twenty-five of the bright-yellow canaries, with instructions to report on the following Saturday.

During the next day three of Hollenbeck's trappers came in with a combined catch of eight hundred and thirty-four birds. He paid the men liberally and sent them out again. He also engaged seven additional men to sell the canaries, assigning two of them to Brooklyn, one to Newark, one to Jersey City, and the others to the streets of New York. Hollenbeck was very careful in dipping each sparrow in the dye, which process he repeated three times, according to the recipe. His establishment soon began to resemble the nest of some great industry, and he entertained high hopes of amassing a fortune within a short time. He found that more captive sparrows were accumulating on his hands than he could readily sell as canary birds, and he began to cudgel his brains to ascertain in what manner he could dispose advantageously of the surplus. At last it occurred to him that the sparrow must have some merchantable value as an article of food, and straightway he went to Maracelli, Viadelli, and one or two other Italian *restaurateurs*, who agreed to take all the sparrows he could supply them at fifty cents per dozen. He then made a new arrangement with his trappers whom he discovered he was paying altogether too much money to guarantee him a reasonable profit. He contracted to give them two cents apiece for all the dead sparrows brought him, and five cents for all the live ones.

By this time Hollenbeck's business was very prosperous, and the way in which he had systematized it showed that there was method in his madness. Not only did his own trappers bring him sparrows now, but hundreds of specimens of this graminivorous and gregarious bird were shipped alive to him from various parts of the West and South. He sold a great many of them to Italian restaurants. As a matter of fact, the sparrow, for centuries has been used as an article of food, and is regarded by some people as equal in flavor to many of the smaller game birds. Sparrows galore are actually served in metropolitan restaurants as rice-birds and reed-birds, and sometimes as larks—in *table d'hôte* places run by foreigners—and they have been quoted in the market—at prices, however, considerably lower than those commanded by Hollenbeck.

III.

SOME six months later New York society was set in a flutter by reading the following piece of information published in a morning newspaper:

"Yesterday afternoon Mr. Braban Hollenbeck, formerly an esteemed member of aristocratic circles in this city, was arrested by Officer Maloney on several charges of fraud preferred by aggrieved parties. All the particulars of the case, which promises to be a highly sensational one, have not been revealed as yet, but enough has been learned to put readers of *Gotham Gossip* into possession of the main facts."

"It will be remembered that Braban Hollenbeck's guardian, Matthew Rayfield, a church deacon, and supposed to be one of the most upright and respectable business men in New York, absconded with all of the young man's fortune, aggregating over half a million, most of which was in transferable bonds and other securities. Where Matthew Rayfield went, or where he is now keeping himself, echo gives but a vague and mocking answer. The loss of his fortune is said to have greatly embittered young Hollenbeck's cup of existence, in short, to have partially unseated his reason, and he was driven to such straits that he became desperate and, at length, joined the grand army of fakirs who outrage the credulity of the public, and pause at no alternative—unless it be murder, and not always then—to earn a livelihood."

"This young Hollenbeck—an only child—born in the lap of luxury, reared tenderly by parents who for several years have been lying at rest in Greenwood, given a college education, and the untold benefits of cultured surroundings, the moment fortune ceased to smile on him fell to the level of a petty swindler. For a number of months he has been devoting himself to the singular occupation of dyeing sparrows and selling them on the streets, through agents, as canary birds. His revenue from this business is said to have been fabulously large. Several complaints from parties victimized have been sent to police headquarters from time to time, and last week the inspector put detectives on the track of the offender. The latter was traced to a tenement on Avenue A, and was apprehended in the very act of dyeing a poor, innocent little sparrow—to be hawked on the street as a real South American singing canary. The man who was found guilty of this misdemeanor was taken to the station-house, and there gave his name as Braban Hollenbeck. He will be remanded to a cell in the Tombs to-day to await a hearing. He doubtless will be tried during the coming week, and it will be interesting to learn what line of defense his counsel will follow. More concerning this absurd young scion of a reputable family will appear in these columns anon."

Many people who knew or knew of Braban Hollenbeck read the foregoing article at their breakfast-tables and were more or less amazed. Old Mr. Yuling, after reading it, said to his daughter, in whose set the accused had once been a conspicuous figure:

"Sybil, I see your friend, Braban Hollenbeck, has fallen into trouble, poor fellow."

"In what way, papa?"

"Oh," replied the old gentleman, "he's been vending sparrows, dyed yellow, under false pretenses, making folks believe they were canary birds."

"How appalling!"

"I don't know about that," protested Mr. Yuling, taking a sip of coffee. "It shows the young man is not wholly wanting in ingenuity. He knew he had to do something for a living, and probably he did not think it was imposing on the public to go into this scheme, especially as the public never seems to get its fill of humbuggery."

"Oh, papa," broke in Sybil, with a vanity-engendered pout that through long indulgence had become a confirmed habit with her, "how can you say that it was honest for Braban to do such a low thing?"

"Nonsense, child. You haven't lived long enough to know half the things a man is willing to be guilty of for money. Besides, I haven't any sympathy with sparrows. They are the greatest pests ever introduced into this country. Why, you know very well how many times I have called them names—the little sinners. They have done more harm to the crops on the old Hardenburgh farm up in Dutchess County, on which I hold a mortgage that I shall be obliged to foreclose one of these days, than anything else. Talk about the sparrow being an insectivorous bird! Well, there's nothing in it, Sybil; there's nothing in it."

"Still," ventured Sybil, boldly, "a sparrow is not a canary bird, is it?"

"No," said Mr. Yuling, sarcastically, "a sparrow is—a curse to any country. It was first brought into the United States in the fall of 1850, I believe, and it has been creating havoc here ever since. For my part, I rather approve young Hollenbeck's scheme to put into captivity a bird that can and will eat nearly every vegetable product grown on a farm or in a garden. It would have been more sensible, however, if he had set about to exterminate them altogether, which, unfortunately, he could not have done. Oh, I hate sparrows!"

At the same hour, in a house situated a little farther up Fifth Avenue, the widow Cresswell and her daughter Teresa were discussing Hollenbeck's arrest.

"Oh," exclaimed Teresa, "I think Braban's conduct is simply atrocious! But how glad I am that he no longer is my admirer. If he were known to be now—I should be humiliated to death. The idea of his stooping to such a low and ignominious thing to make money."

"Well," said Mrs. Cresswell, "you must remember he was desperate over the loss of his property, and I don't believe people will blame him so much, after all, when all the facts are disclosed. I know your uncle, John Pettigrew, up in Sullivan County, never can say enough against sparrows. He says they breed faster than an express train can travel, and that they have nearly eaten him out of house and home. I suppose there are many other farmers who agree with Brother John about it."

"But how do Uncle John's opinions excuse Braban's dishonest course?" put in Teresa somewhat testily.

"I don't know that they do," replied her mother, "but it don't seem so wicked to deal with sparrows in that way as it would if they were—robins, for instance."

But Teresa was quite convinced of the enormity of Hollenbeck's guilt, and other young ladies who had met him, but did not know him so well as Teresa, shared her conviction. There were others who openly sympathized with Hollenbeck. The case began to make an unusual stir among the newspapers after a certain well-known naturalist had come out in cold print in an indirect defense of the young man. He maintained that there were many reasons to refute the claim that the sparrow was essentially an insectivorous bird; that while the sparrow was known to destroy certain insects injurious to fruit, the sparrow itself fed upon fruit and cereals, and, in fact, upon almost anything that can be devoured by a worm or insect. He further pointed out the fact that the sparrow is a jealous and malicious enemy of many of our cherished native species, and that it molests, wages war against, and kills robins, mocking-birds, wrens, martins, yellow warblers, etc. According to this naturalist, four-fifths of all the evidence published in government reports concerning the English sparrow in North America, especially in its relation to agriculture, had been disparaging if not absolutely condemnatory. In conclusion, he said that the tide of public opinion had turned against the sparrow, and that the desire now to get rid of this bird-pest was stronger than had been the desire thirty years ago to import and introduce it throughout the country.

A practical nurseryman and fruit-grower then took up his pen in protest against the sparrow, and he indorsed not only everything the naturalist had written, but added several opinions of his own, and he particularly urged that, owing to the inestimable numerical increase of the *passer domesticus* each year, every State in the Union should offer a bounty for its destruction. Then several champions of the sparrow offered their views in print, and the controversy assumed national importance. It especially interested society on account of young Hollenbeck, who meanwhile was languishing in the Tombs.

One morning Bob Varick sought and obtained admission into Hollenbeck's cell. He had not been talking five minutes with his old friend when he detected that the latter was not his mental self; in a word, that he was as good as *non compos mentis*.

On the following day, through Varick's efforts, Hollenbeck was examined as to his sanity by two competent physicians, who pronounced him to be "disturbed in mind." That same afternoon, by an order of the court, the charges against Hollenbeck were dismissed, and he was taken to Bloomingdale under the escort of Bob Varick and a police officer. In that institution Braban Hollenbeck is still confined, but, as he has not been declared incurable, there are hopes that he will yet walk forth into God's sunshine and free air—a restored man.

Meanwhile, the great sparrow dispute is still in progress, with the odds against the sparrow.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

THE old, old stories in the way of short-waisted bodices with belts, fine lace berthas, long gored skirts, and paletots with big sleeves, are being oft repeated by the Parisian leaders of fashion, and they will find the echo on this side of the water, no doubt. Old lace and fur bands is a curious mixture, but is eminently effective, and is to be seen on many rich cloth costumes both for day and evening wear, the selection for evening being frequently in apple green, peach color, ivory, and electric blue. The low-cut bodice is softened with old lace, while the hem of the skirt and the waist-band are edged with fur. Fur pervades all throughout our wardrobe, the narrow mink tail having the preference, though occasionally one will find black-martin tail and skunk. While feathers still enjoy a large popularity for the trimming of costumes, the flatter kinds, such as pheasant's breast and hackle, as well as cock feathers, are more frequently seen than ostrich, while peacock feathers are mixed successfully with those of the heron. Feather boas are still receiving a certain degree of consideration, but it is safe to predict that the height of their glory is passed, and before many months they will be as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

Just at present evening toilettes are occupying much time and attention, and while the new models are comparatively simple in arrangement the materials are rich, and the fashion of combining two or even more colors in one toilette is one which prevails largely. It is certainly one which gives much scope to the artistic taste of the designer, but much caution will also be requisite to successfully carry out such close harmonies in

coloring. A charming example of one of the newest styles in evening gowns is illustrated this week. It is composed of a lovely silk pompadour stripe on an ivory-white ground, with fichu, sleeves, and flounces of corn-colored *mousseline de soie*. Another handsome model, particularly becoming to slim figures, is made with a plain bell skirt of satin in an *eau de Nil* tint, with a cutaway, coat-like bodice of ivory brocade. The neck is low cut, and finished with a soft fichu of Nile-green gauze, which also composes the full under-bodice, girdled across with three straps of darker green velvet, finished at the right side in rosettes. Two similar straps, one longer than the other, depend from each hip like fobs. A puff and frill of the gauze strapped with the velvet finish the wrist of each sleeve.

A charming gown of black Chantilly lace oversilk of a *soufre* tint is very prettily draped with a gathered frill on the left hip, and the full, low-cut bodice is finished with a corselet of fine jet. A dinner-gown of anemone faille is embroidered in velvet in a floral design of irises which is extremely effective. A cascade of lace forms a garniture down the right side, and is continued in a flounce at the front. The bodice is quite original in its arrangement, the points of the basque crossing in front over a full V of the lace, while straps pass over the shoulders above drooping, puffed sleeves, also of lace.

Lace intrudes itself everywhere, on the darkest of cloth walk-



EVENING GOWN.

ing dresses, as already mentioned, while millinery is by no means exempt from it. A hat of black beaver has a small drapery of black lace round the crown to lighten the burden of black feathers at the back. A black felt hat of the turned-up sailor shape is trimmed with a band of mink tail, terminating at the side with small balls of mink, and beneath the fur is a soft twist of dark holland-colored lace of a very fine make. Long feathers will be noticeable on many of the large winter hats, as is evidenced in a large beaver hat which is in a soft tone of *réseda*, and picturesquely trimmed with long feathers and a graceful bow of black satin ribbon. A hat of dark-blue felt has a gray and white swallow on one side, and gray and blue feathers trailing their graceful length round the other. A wonderfully pretty and original hat has a wide brim of brown velvet, and a full crown of brown cloth tied around its base with a cunning little bow of serpent green satin ribbon, and with a cluster of plumes at the back, shading from brown to green. Ribbons used for millinery are wide and heavy, and tie-strings are much wider than they have recently been.

ELLA STARR.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA.

THE special correspondent of the *London Illustrated News*, who has recently completed a trip across Siberia, gives a somewhat more favorable account of prison life in that country than has been furnished by other writers. The amplest facilities were afforded him for inspecting the prisons at prominent points, and he testifies that they are in comparatively good condition, considering how they are crowded, and that the routine life is not by any means as severe as is generally supposed. The prisoners are allowed comparative liberty, only a few being kept in solitary confinement. Many are allowed to retain their pets, which are fed out of the general "mess." There are two kinds of work permitted by the Government: Work in the prison itself in the work-shops provided for the several trades, and out-door work away from the prison. Of the money earned a certain percentage goes to the Government, the rest is divided equally among those who work. We give on another page a glimpse of prison life at Irkutsk, from a sketch furnished by the *News* correspondent.

THE LAST CHILIAN BATTLE.

The last battle of the unfortunate Chilean war was fought near Valparaiso on the 28th of August, and resulted in the complete overthrow of Balmaceda's army. The army of the Congressionals consisted of twelve thousand men, against whom were arrayed some ten thousand holding a strong position on

elevated ground. Balmaceda's troops were formed in two divisions under Generals Alzoreca and Barbosa. The assailants forced their way up the hilly ground occupied by the enemy's artillery, and by their superior steadiness, notwithstanding that Balmaceda had the advantage of position, soon put the latter to utter rout, cutting off the retreat of the two generals, who were both killed, and taking some three thousand prisoners. The number of killed and wounded on Balmaceda's side is stated at twenty-five hundred, while the loss of the Congressionalist party amounted to four hundred killed and nearly one thousand wounded.

THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

We continue to receive dismal accounts of the frightful distress which prevails in the northern provinces of Russia, owing to the destruction of the crops and disease among the cattle. It is said that many small agriculturists are forced to sell all their stock for small equivalents in order that food may be obtained for a single week. There are multitudes of starving beggars, vast tracts of land lie uncultivated for the want of seed-corn, and a large section of country seems to be reduced to the very verge of starvation. Some measures of relief have been adopted, but as yet no appreciable effect seem to have been made upon the prevalent distress.

MR. PARNELL'S FUNERAL.

We give elsewhere two pictures of the funeral of Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader, one of which shows the funeral procession, and the other shows his body lying in state at the city hall in Dublin, in front of the statue of O'Connell. The walls and pillars of the hall were heavily draped, and the coffin itself was set up on a high catafalque banked with flowers. It is estimated that upward of thirty thousand persons visited the hall during the brief time afforded for viewing the remains. The coffin was piled with wreaths to a height of three feet. Around the hall was inscribed the leader's dying message: "Give my love to my colleagues and to the Irish people."

THE STAGE.

LAST year's success, "Alabama," follows Marie Wainwright and "Amy Robsart" at Palmer's Theatre.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, whose efforts to elevate the American stage have not met with marked success up to the present time, will now have two worthy coadjutors in Mr. "Spike" Hennessy and Mr. "Kid" McCoy, who are doing the safe-burglaring act in a weird and woolly melodrama. It is to be noted that Mr. "Spike" is to use a brand-new set of burglar's tools, which the efficient management and the truthful "Spike" declare were bequeathed to the latter by a former colleague. The latter gave up the ghost and the tools at one and the same time, so to speak. The day of the safe-breaking and the tank drama, however, is about at an end; the screaming farce, built upon nothing and sustained for a time by the morbid curiosity of the public to see how near death the agile star could go without actually getting there, and the English melodrama with its be-whiskered and omnipresent villain, its simple, rustic maiden, and its always virtuous but generally late first gentleman, are fast giving place to healthier and newer dramatic constructions where realism and villainy with whiskers on it have no show.

Does it occur to you when seeing the painting, "The Park at Versailles," on the handsome drop-curtain at the Garden Theatre that the Sedan chair is still in use in one of the famous cities on the Continent—Dresden? The wealthier ladies of Dresden consider that while any one can own a carriage, it requires a pretty purse and a long line of noble ancestors to sport a Sedan. The old Dresden families, therefore, have preserved this rather picturesque feature of traveling of a century or two ago, and each one owns its chair, which in many cases has come down from generation to generation. All visits, whether of a social or state character, are made in the Sedan.



SCENE IN ACT I, "LA CIGALE," AT GARDEN THEATRE.

The most important event in theatrical circles up to the present time has been the production of "La Cigale" at the Garden Theatre. The cast is an exceedingly strong one, and the opera is put on the stage in a most lavish manner. Miss Russell has never been seen in a better *role* than that in "La Cigale." She captivated the public from the start on the opening night; her voice was in splendid condition, and she seemed to have lost that stiffness of action that has formerly clung to her. The old saying that Russell can sing but not act will no longer hold good. The Garden Theatre management have gotten together the strongest light-opera troupe that New York has ever seen, and from present appearances there will be but little room to spare in the auditorium for weeks to come.

The only redeeming feature of "The Beautiful Star," recently produced at Niblo's, was the spirited and sparkling music by Charles Puerner. It is a pity that such good music should ever be tied to such a miserable *fiasco* as this play. WINDSOR.

SECRETARY BLAINE has returned to Washington with restored health and vigor, and has resumed his duties at the State Department with apparent relish. He still persists in his refusal to discuss the Presidency, and there is no reason to suppose that he has changed his well-known views as to this subject.



A NIECE OF MRS. HOPKINS, INTERESTED IN THE ESTATE.



MRS. HOPKINS-SEARLES.



MARK HOPKINS.



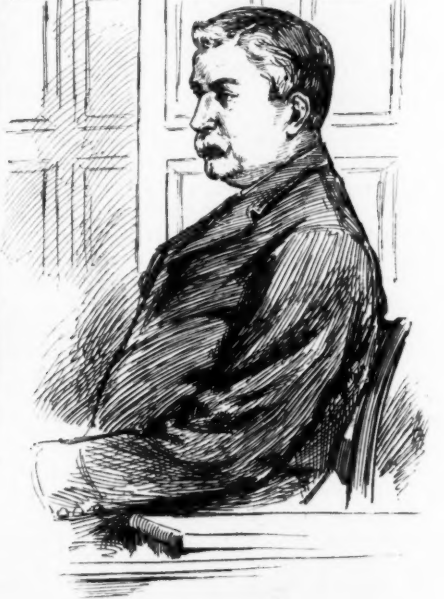
BOXES CONTAINING DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE CASE.



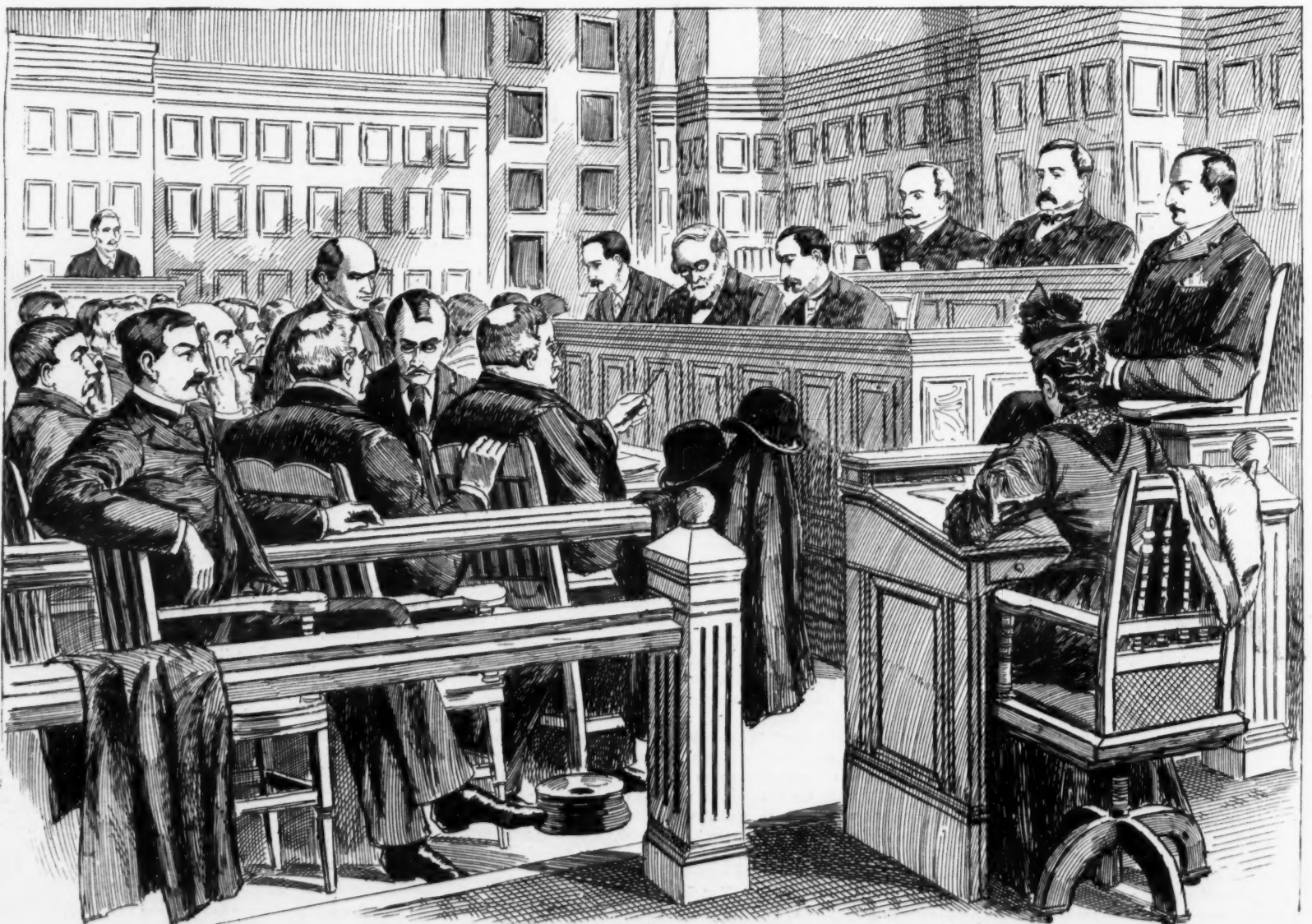
TIMOTHY HOPKINS, THE CONTESTANT.



KELLOGG TERRACE, GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.



E. F. SEARLES.



SCENE IN COURT ON THE LAST DAY OF THE CONTEST—GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD, ONE OF THE TRUSTEES, ON THE STAND.
THE CONTEST OF THE SEARLES WILL, INVOLVING AN ESTATE OF THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—SCENES AND PERSONS IN THE CASE.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 224.]



JUSTICE ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.—ARREST AND TRIAL OF HORSE-THIEVES.—DRAWN FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. SMITH.

John Smith

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE RETREAT.

VI.

THE next day, February 16th, we rested our dogs and our weary limbs, though Clark and I made a short excursion along the lake shore to obtain some bearings. It had been our intention and desire to explore the upper end of the lake, where it washes the feet of the giants Redoubt and Iliamna, but the scarcity of food for dog and man made it essential for us to retreat as soon as possible, and try to reach a trading-post. So, during the day we obtained as much information as we could about the upper end of the lake, and I have plotted that region in dotted lines. We also took a few photographs. In the meantime our men cooked troughs full of nourishing soup for our dogs, which lent the animals almost a rotund appearance.

The afternoon and evening I devoted to taking the census of this village and of another one a few miles from the lake. The problem had been a difficult one on the Nushagak and Mulchutna, but here its solution seemed nigh impossible. Mr. Clark doubted the feasibility of the attempt, but Innokente Shishkin was willing to assist, as was also Vasutka (Anokhtoknagok). So, armed with the huge portfolio of blanks, we attacked the chief's house. The head-man as well as his fighting-bucks were at once deeply interested in the proceeding, and tried hard to understand what it was about. Then ensued a palaver in a most remarkable linguistic hash, re-enforced by all the powers of grimace and gesticulation. Finally, we managed to get the chief's name. It was Thkadatstudenchin, and that was the sort of polysyllabic ponderosity we had to wrestle with. However, the chief was a remarkably intelligent man, and knew some of the Russian terms of relationship. So we got his own family all right, and, strangely enough, it was an idea of his that made the rest of the work comparatively easy. He caused each head of a family to go out and bring, in procession, his whole retinue of relatives. The family would then be arranged in a row according to age, and as each one was pointed out the chief would give the name. After a while the rest of the bucks became anxious to assist, and toward the end each name was shouted out by a chorus of stentorian voices, while I transferred it to paper phonetically. Thus success was achieved, and after it was all over I showed my gratitude by sundry presents of leaf-tobacco and tea.

The village at which we first met the Indians of Lake Clark is named Nihkak (the kh has nearly the sound of the German ch), while the upper village is Kilchikh. The latter is located about nine miles up the stream which empties into Lake Clark at Nihkak, and is really the original village. North of it is a gap or pass in the mountains over which the natives make a portage to the sources of the Tketluk (Rock) River, a tributary of the Kuskokvim. The head-waters of the latter are unknown territory, and form the hunting-ground of the Kalchani tribes, of which the Kilchikh Indians are acknowledgedly an off-shoot. Their language is similar to that of the Tananahs, which I heard on the Yukon, and is akin to the Kenai of Cook's Inlet. There is a story among these natives to the effect that formerly repeated attempts were made by the Kalchani to colonize Lake Clark (Kilchikh-vona it is called in Kenai), but that all failed on account of a huge sea-monster which dwells in the lake. This mysterious animal is said still to be haunting those pellucid waters, but the present tribe has managed to keep up friendly relations with it by politic negotiations which during the generations have developed into a sort of diplomatic rite. There are men now, even among the Esquimaux on Noghelin River, men who are otherwise perfectly reliable, who insist that they have seen the monster with their own eyes. They describe it as resembling simply a large fish, and as to its size they generalize by comparing it to one of the numerous mountains of the vicinity.

Lake Clark is the typical Alaskan mountain lake, for it has all the characteristics of an Alaskan mountain lake in a marked degree. It is very long, very narrow, very irregular, and very deep, and is surrounded on all sides by high mountains. It is nearly seventy miles long; it is at its widest point hardly ten miles wide; it is crooked and full of bays and bights; we tried in vain to find its bottom, and the mountains hemming it in tower from five thousand feet to an altitude of twelve thousand. The general direction of the lake is about northeast and southwest, and it extends from the base of the range bordering Cook's Inlet to the 155th meridian. The latitude of the geographical centre of the lake is about 160° 15'. It has five noteworthy affluents, and its outlet was found to be an important river of great volume, running generally almost due south, and supplying Iliamna with its vast store of crystal water. Henceforth, geographers will no longer have to consider with wonder the appearance on the map of a lake a hundred miles long and forty miles wide without "visible means of support."

Much to the regret of my companions and myself, the small supply of fish obtainable at the Kenai village of Nihkak made it impossible for us to make our planned trip to the head of the lake, and we had to retire with as much geographical knowledge as we had already obtained. Our hosts informed us, however, that the lower end of the lake was divided into two arms, the northern one being caused by the affluence of the Chulitna River, down which we had come. The southern arm, however, we were told was by far the longer, and eventually narrowed to the dimensions of a river, forming the outlet of the lake. It was down the long southern arm of Lake Clark, then, that our road lay.

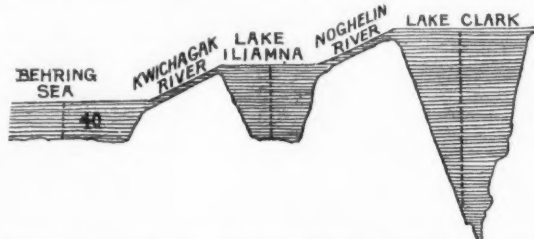
Early in the morning of February 17th, we left Nihkak, having had only one day's rest after the hardships of the Chulitna trip. Our dogs had recuperated somewhat, but there was nothing substantial about their condition, and a few hours' work told on them severely. Our Kenai friends had scraped up one hundred dried salmon for us, and we had reciprocated with the equivalent in tea and tobacco. It was a small stock to feed dogs and men for an unknown number of days, and we decided to force the march as much as our weakened condition would possibly allow. Thkadatstudenchin and his fighting bucks escorted us out to the smooth lake-ice, and we were off. A blizzard was blowing, but was losing its strength, and at about ten o'clock it died out, though the cold was intense. The air became clear, and we could plainly see the long land-tongue

separating the two branches of the lake. I named the cape after my second traveling companion—Cape Shishkin—and the three sleds were headed directly for it.

The expedition had been provided with a reel of cord-line for soundings, and when we were still about six miles east of Cape Shishkin and about half a mile from the south shore of the lake we halted for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of Lake Clark at that point. It was a long and arduous task to dig a hole through the seven-foot crust of ice, but it was accomplished in three-quarters of an hour, and the lead was plunged into the black water.

"How deep will it be?" asked Clark.

"Three fathom," replied Shishkin. I thought it would go as far as ten, but the questioner laughed at both of us, and made his guess twenty fathoms. In the meantime, the line was rapidly running off the reel, and all our guesses were proven too small. Still, Shishkin and I had admiration for Mr. Clark's superiority as a guesser, and we supposed the lead would stop before thirty. But when forty, fifty, sixty knots were called off we began to feel surprised; at eighty we were astonished, and at one hundred and one fathoms astonishment turned to consternation. For that was the end of our line, and we had not touched bottom. Six hundred and six feet and no bottom! To me it seemed overwhelming, especially when a little figuring proved that even at that depth the bottom of Lake Clark is below the bottom of



Behring Sea. The accompanying figure will show what this means. The surface of Lake Clark is about forty fathoms above that of Behring Sea. The depth of Behring Sea off Bristol Bay is about forty fathoms, so that the bottom of Lake Clark, even at a depth of only one hundred and one fathoms, would be twenty-one fathoms below that of Behring Sea.

We regretted not having more line, but it could not be helped, and we wound up the cord and proceeded in wonder on our route. The day's work was plodding and monotonous, a weary tramp over the dreary plain of ice; such a day as renders a person stupid, blind, and oblivious to his surroundings. The day's rest seemed to have reawakened the sensitiveness of tortured muscles and of bruised and frozen tissues, but in the silence of the gloomy day even pain was forgotten, and our little band marched mechanically on. For twelve hours we continued the work, the last three or four by moonlight along the icy ledge which bordered the Noghelin River's black torrent—for the waters of this formidable stream rush through their confines with such force and swiftness that even the lowest temperatures cannot congeal them into rigidity. We camped on the ice of a little pool formed where the river valley widens and lets the waters spread, and were lulled to sleep by the howlings of a pack of hungry timber-wolves, that prowled about the fish-pots in the hope of getting a morsel without exposing their cowardly selves to chastisement. And in the morning another of Shishkin's dogs had gone.

Our road now lay down the course of the Noghelin River, and next day we reached Noghelingamute village, where we found the outposts of the Esquimaux tribes. Strange, that within fifty miles of each other should live, in the wilderness, two peoples so different in nature and language, without mutual recognition or intercourse. The Esquimaux helped us out with a little additional provender, and informed us also that falls on the lower part of the river made it impossible to reach Iliamna except by making a portage overland. Accordingly we took with us a bright young fellow, Stapinun, as guide to the falls and over the portage. Our progress was exceedingly slow, for nearly every one was crippled, and we had lost so many dogs as to weaken our teams materially. Of the thirty-three dogs with which we had started only twenty-five were left, and many of these, poor fellows, staggered along with bleeding feet, emaciated, and so weak that their tortured stomachs could not even retain its meagre food.

But we were now in view of the grand ice masses which were piled up where the Noghelin Falls hurled their forbidding floods over the rocks. It was one of nature's gems of beauty, but in our condition not even the charms of such a scene could awaken adequate appreciation. I made a memorandum of Petroff Falls (after Ivan Petroff, special agent in charge of Alaska Division, Eleventh Census), and then turned to encounter the difficult task which the falls made necessary—the portage to Lake Iliamna. It began with the climbing of a steep hill, and then necessitated a wallowing progress through deep snow over a rolling country. We only made about two miles of it that day before we camped.

A. B. SCHANZ.

THE HOPKINS-SEARLES WILL.

THE first chapter of this "celebrated case," which, during its development in the probate court at Salem, Mass., has been followed with interest by the newspaper press and the public in general, terminates in the summary decision rendered by Judge Harmon, upholding the contested will. This decision of the probate judge, however, is confessedly not upon the merits of the case, but merely its formal advancement toward a jury trial. Notice of appeal has been given for the contestant, and the case will come up before the Supreme Court next spring.

Our illustrations of the recent hearing at Salem include portraits of some of the principal characters concerned in this romance of millions, and a view of the palatial though deeply secluded home at Great Barrington, where Mrs. Hopkins-Searles dwelt with her husband during the three years and a half of their married life. The house has a peculiar interest also from the fact that Mr. Searles was employed by Mrs. Hopkins to superintend its erection, when the thought of marriage had not occurred to either of the parties.

STAR TROTTERS OF TO-DAY.

IN equine history the American can read no more interesting chapter than the story of the evolution of the trotting breed of horses. The trotter is peculiarly the American horse—the only important variety indigenous to American soil. The breed is much less than a century old, and its progress in speed, in value, and in production during the last thirty years has been marvelous.

Racing at various gaits became prevalent in "the old colonial days." The earliest prominent patron of horse-racing in colonial history was Governor Nicolls, who, after his arrival in the colonies in 1665, established a race-course on Hempstead Heath, Long Island, where it was ordered that a plate should be run for annually. For over sixty years after this period we have no light on the history of American racing. In 1736 a plate was run for on the Church farm (defined as being ground that now is "west of Broadway and south of Canal Street," in New York City), and thereafter racing of all kinds seems to have flourished and increased to such an extent that the Continental Congress in 1774 deemed its suppression necessary to the preservation of public morals. Previous to this, however—in 1748—the New Jersey Legislature enacted a law to restrain "all running, pacing, and trotting races." Although there is not, as far as I can learn, specific mention in colonial history of trotting races, the fact that the New Jersey authorities found their suppression advisable leaves no doubt that racing at the trotting gait was very prevalent at that early day.

The revival in trotting did not begin to gather force until about 1830, and since then improvement in speed has been continual and rapid. It was not until 1844 that a trotter went a mile in harness in "2.30 or better," Lady Suffolk achieving that honor, her record being 2.26½. Then, as now, the pacing gait was faster than the trotting gait, for Drover had paced a mile in 2.28 in 1839; and in the same year that Lady Suffolk trotted in 2.26½ Unknown paced to wagon a mile in 2.23. The next great epochal year in trotting history was 1859, when the little mare, Flora Temple, astonished the world by beating 2.20, doing the mile in 2.19½; and it was not until 1884 that the 2.10 mark was passed by Maud S., the queen of the trotting turf.

Maud S., though she has been in practical retirement in Mr. Robert Bonner's stables for several seasons, and no longer the holder of the championship trotting record, is still a central figure among star trotters of to-day—and she is every inch a queen. Magnificent in form, symmetrical in every proportion, Mr. Bonner's great chestnut mare will long remain a standard that others shall be judged by. She has not only the rarest gift of speed, but she carried it with a stout and resolute heart, and was one of the few that, in turf parlance, could "go fast and stay." Maud S. was bred at Woodburn Farm, Kentucky, and was foaled there in 1874. Her sire is Harold, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and her dam is Miss Russell (also the dam of the famous Nutwood, 2.18½), by Pilot, Jr., the granddam being the thoroughbred Sally Russell, by Boston. When young the filly was sold from Woodburn for \$250; at three years old Captain Stone, of Cincinnati, paid \$350, and named her Maud S.; in her four-year-old form she trotted a trial faster than any four-year-old had trotted to that date; and on the strength of this trial was sold to the late William H. Vanderbilt for \$21,000. The first public appearance of Maud S. was at Chicago, July 6th, 1880, in a race which she easily won in comparatively slow time; but her second race, also at Chicago, July 24th, 1880, made her the sensation of the hour, she beating the great mare Trinket, and trotting the third heat in 2.13½—that remaining on record for many years as the fastest heat ever trotted in a race. Victory after victory, with never a defeat, was added to her list, until there was nothing of flesh and blood to race against, and she entered the lists against the inexorable challenger of champions, Time. The king of the turf of that day was St. Julien, with a record of 2.11½, and Maud S., after two unsuccessful attempts, lowered that record to 2.10½ at Chicago, September 20th, 1880. The following year she lowered the record again to 2.10½, and there it remained until August 1st, 1884, when the wonderful little black gelding, Jay Eye See, trotted the Providence track in 2.10. But he was king only a day, for the following afternoon Maud S. again proved her supremacy by trotting the Cleveland track in 2.09½. The ownership of so famous a trotter brought its annoyances to Mr. Vanderbilt, and as Mr. Bonner made overtures for her purchase, she became his at \$40,000. In November she further reduced her record to 2.09½, and on July 30th of the following year, at Cleveland, she set the world's trotting record at 2.08½. It stood unequalled for over six years, until another of Mr. Bonner's horses lowered it.

Perhaps the most sensational trotter of this age has been the California filly, Sunol. This young mare was bred by Senator Leland Stanford at his famous Palo Alto ranch, in the Santa Clara valley, California, and was foaled in 1886. Senator Stanford is an enthusiastic lover of the trotting horse, and he is more than that. He has not followed beaten paths either in breeding or training, but has departed boldly from conventional conceptions and old-time methods, and has eminently succeeded. On training, Senator Stanford's views are radical. He inaugurated, and his trainer, Charles Marvin, the most skillful man of his profession, carried out and perfected, what is now known as the "Palo Alto system" of training trotters. The world's records for yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds, four-year-olds, and five-year-olds are held at Palo Alto, and that fact speaks eloquently for this system of training.

Sunol is a tall, stately bay mare, considerably higher at the quarter than at the wither, and was a phenomenon from her first day's training. Her besetting sin has been an irritable disposition, an extremely nervous organization, and her early training was pursued under difficulties which only a man of Marvin's unequalled skill and remarkable patience could overcome. In 1881 another Palo Alto bred mare, Wildflower, had made a two-year-old record of 2.21, and that had not since been approached, but Senator Stanford's aim is to breed early speed, and when Sunol promised so well as a two-year-old it was determined to lower the two-year-old record if possible. In her first attempt against the record at San Francisco she trotted in 2.20½; and a week later she covered the mile without a falter in her gait in 2.18, a performance unequalled until this autumn. As a three-

year-old Sunol was the star of the Pacific coast, and so unexpectedly brilliant were her performances that even the triumphs of her two-year-old year were dimmed by comparison. It was a duel throughout the season between Axtell and Sunol for the three-year-old championship. First, Axtell lowered the three-year-old trotting record to 2.16½ at Minneapolis, July 2d; and August 1st, at Cleveland, he again lowered it to 2.14½. At Chicago, August 3d, he further reduced the record to 2.14. At Sacramento, September 12th, Sunol trotted in 2.13½, and divided the trotting-horse world into rival camps on the question of three-year-old supremacy. The next sensation came from Terre Haute, where, October 11th, Axtell trotted in 2.12, lowering the record for stallions as well as for three-year-olds, and then the East felt that the latter record was safely held on this side of the Rockies. But not so, for at the Bay District track, San Francisco, November 9th, Sunol, in a performance that for a three-year-old trotter was regarded as phenomenal, trotted in 2.10½, and placed the three-year-old record where it is almost safe to say it will be unapproached for years to come. Sunol was then purchased for a sum approximating \$50,000 by Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, but is still trained by her old trainer, Marvin. In her four-year-old form Sunol was campaigned in the East, but was never quite at the fine edge shown as a three-year-old. At Chicago, in August, 1890, she lowered the four-year-old record of the world to 2.10½; and at Stockton, California, on the 20th of October, she beat the best time of Maud S. by half a second, trotting a mile in the marvelous time of 2.08½. Thus she holds the best five-year-old record in the world. Sunol is by the dead Electioneer, the greatest sire of trotters, and her dam is Waxana, by General Benton. Electioneer is a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and was bred by Charles Backman, the famous Orange County, New York, breeder. The dam of Electioneer was Green Mountain Maid, the most noted of all mothers of trotters, and she was by Harry Clay, that also sired the dam of St. Julien.

Axtell, whose history I have interwoven with that of Sunol, their three-year-old contests being inseparable, is a bay horse that was bred by C. W. Williams, of Independence, Ia., a young and hitherto not widely known breeder, who also trained and drove him in all his races. He is by William L., son of the great trotting progenitor, George Wilkes, and brother to the famous California horse, Guy Wilkes, 2.15½. As a two-year-old he trotted at Terre Haute, as related above, in 2.12. He was thereupon sold to a syndicate of wealthy breeders for \$105,000, the highest price ever paid for a horse in America, and has since paid for himself in stud earnings.

In 1889 and 1890 Senator Stanford's horse, Palo Alto, son of Electioneer, and Mr. Hobart's Stamboul, son of Sultan, valiantly but vainly endeavored to wrest the stallion crown from Axtell. Palo Alto trotted in 1889 in 2.12½, and in 1890 Stamboul placed his mark at 2.11, one second faster than Axtell, but he had been forestalled in the contest for championship honors by the Eastern stallion, Nelson, who several times trotted faster than 2.12, and went into winter quarters with a record of 2.10½, thus then holding the world's trotting-stallion record.

Bred among the pines of Maine, this wonderful horse, Nelson, astonished the world that had been taught to believe that great turf horses could be bred only under genial southern skies, in the blue grass regions of Kentucky, or in the semi-tropical climate of California. But this product of the rugged northeast has amply demonstrated that great horses can be bred and developed in places where the winter snows lie long and deep. In the olden times one of the most famous harness racers of America was the pacer, Pocahontas. In 1854, in a race with Hero over the old Union course on Long Island, she drew a wagon a mile in 2.17½—a performance unequaled by trotter or pacer in a race for over thirty years. For her daughter, Young Pocahontas, 2.26½, Robert Bonner paid an enormous price, and her son, Tom Rolfe, was one of the most valued stallions of his time in the East. He was the sire of Young Rolfe, 2.21½, and from Gretchen by Gideon (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian), Young Rolfe got Nelson, fondly called the "Northern King." Nelson was bred by C. H. Nelson, of Waterville, Me., and was foaled in 1882. He is a bay horse of noble and stately proportions, and was from his earliest years naturally a wonderfully fast trotter. As a three-year-old he trotted in 2.26½, which was then the fastest three-year-old record for the New England States. He did not again appear upon the turf until 1887, when, in his five-year-old form, he lowered his record at Boston to 2.21½. In 1889 he was campaigned through the Grand Circuit, defeating in a great race at Buffalo a strong field in 2.15, 2.17½, 2.15. At Hartford, in the \$10,000 Charter Oak stake, he was, after lowering his record to 2.14½, beaten by the blind gray stallion, Alcyon. These horses subsequently met at Boston in a stallion race for a \$10,000 purse, and Nelson won, but from the race a scandalous result resulted in Nelson and Alcyon being deprived of the privileges of tracks in membership with the National Trotting Association. Last season Nelson, driven by his owner and breeder, appeared on Western trotting-tracks, under the control of the American Trotting Association, and after a brilliant series of flights against time, lowered the stallion record to 2.10½. This season he has reduced his record to 2.10, but another stallion, Allerton, is now "king of the trotting turf," having trotted at Independence, Ia., in 2.09½, and having subsequently routed Nelson in a race at Grand Rapids, Mich. This brown horse, Allerton, is a veritable Titan of the trotting turf. He is the same age as Axtell, and these trotting phenomena grew up together, sharing the same paddocks and the same roof. Both were bred by C. W. Williams, of Independence, Ia. Allerton is inbred to the Wilkes strain of blood, being by Jay Bird, son of George Wilkes, out of Gussie Wilkes, by Mambrino Boy, Gussie Wilkes's dam being a daughter of George Wilkes. Allerton proved a great trotter as a three-year-old, taking a race-record of 2.18½, and winning the admiration of horsemen by his remarkable stamina and gameness. When he retired as a three-year-old he was believed to be a broken-down horse, but the exceedingly fortunate Mr. Williams nursed him so deftly and assiduously that he came out as a four-year-old rejuvenated, and is now, when just at the close of his third season's hard campaigning, apparently sound. He lowered his record in his four-year-old form to 2.13½, and this season, by gradual stages, has reduced it to 2.09½, thus earning the title of champion trotting stallion. He has been this season beaten but

once, and that was in the greatest race recorded in trotting history, when the little mare, Nancy Hanks, defeated this great, plain, courageous horse in August, on the fast Independence course.

Nancy Hanks is a neat and beautiful little bay mare, the same age as Allerton, with sometimes a suggestion of the old-time queen, Goldsmith Maid, and again a reminder of Sunol in her lineaments. She is by Happy Medium, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and her dam is Nancy Lee, by Dictator (also a son of Hambletonian), full brother to the old-time trotter, Dexter, and sire of Jay Eye See, both ex-champions of the trotting turf. Nancy Hanks, like Maud S., has the distinction of being unbeaten. She acquired a four-year-old record of 2.12½, and this season met and vanquished Allerton, trotting the three heats in 2.12, 2.12½, 2.12, the fastest three consecutive heats ever trotted. She is guided by the master hand of Budd Doble, that perennial artist of the rein, who shared the fame of Dexter twenty-five years ago, when his name was the greatest in the trotting world, who later was invincible with the renowned Goldsmith Maid, and who is yet, in heart and vigor, young. He has this season driven Nancy Hanks in 2.09. These are the matured stars of the trotting turf of to-day, each of which is liable to prove an active factor in the struggle for championship honors this autumn and in the coming year. The fortunes of the turf are more uncertain than the fortunes of war, and only merit favored by fate can decide which new aspirant shall in future wear the crown that now graces the chestnut brows of Maud S.

LESLIE E. MACLEOD.

OUR PATRIARCH OF SONG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, endeared to every American heart as the "Quaker bard" of New England, was born in Haverhill, Mass., December 17th, 1807; consequently, his eighty-fourth birthday is close at hand. He stands on the wintry shore of time like some ancient harper of the North, still singing his strong and thrilling sagas to the blasts of the Boreal sea. He is older by a year or so than his sprightly American contemporary, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and England's noble laureate, Tennyson. Surely the century to which these illustrious names belong, as well as those of Walt Whitman, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Browning, Victor Hugo, and, in part, Goethe, may be regarded as the golden age of "grand old men" of poetry.

With the single exception, perhaps, of Longfellow, Whittier is the poet who has won the highest place in the affections of his fellow-countrymen. He is peculiarly and wholly American, and New-England American at that. Longfellow was a student, a scholar, familiar with many lands and many tongues, and drank deeply at the Old-World fountains of inspiration. Upon his genius the old England has her claims, as well as the New. But Whittier, born on a Massachusetts farm, and taken as a lad, by William Lloyd Garrison, from the plow to the newspaper desk, was graduated directly from nature to life, all on that bleak but kindly New England soil which he has never quitted, either in person or in spirit, for any alien shore. Legends of the Indian tribes, tales of the early settlers, stirring echoes of the Revolutionary period, types, incidents, and sayings that collectively light up the whole history and character of New England—these abound in Whittier's poems from the earliest. In his manhood he became the champion and the voice of the cause of human liberty in these States. Enlisting all the passionate earnestness of his nature in the work of the abolitionists, he did yeoman service as editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, the *New England Weekly Review* (Hartford, Conn.), the *Pennsylvania Freeman* (Philadelphia), and contributor to other leading anti-slavery journals. No man of his time wrought more zealously or more effectively for the grand principles out of which the Republican party was born. Whittier is, above all, the laureate of freedom; and if any one group or division of his poems were to be chosen as surer than the rest to stand for his fame against the wastes of time, such triumphant immortality would probably be predicted for those songs on slavery, at once so fiery in their indignation and scorn, so rich in eloquence, so thrilling in hopeful aspiration, so sweet in pathos and humanity.

Whittier's limitations as a poet are, no doubt, clearly enough defined. The urbane culture of Longfellow, the genial wit and worldliness of Holmes, the sarcastic humor and literary classicism of Lowell, the philosophical breadth and subtlety of Emerson, the lusty democracy of Whitman, the mysticism of Jones Very—none of these are of his heritage. He has never essayed the epic strain, and but seldom touched the lover's lute. Like Bryant, he is rather unduly shy of the tender passion, save in its gentlest and most idyllic manifestations.

But, happily—these limitations being frankly taken account of—the merits and charms of Whittier's poetic individuality are not less positive. The technical form of his verse, to begin with, is well-nigh perfect in its adaptation to the strain it carries—now smooth and limpid as the Merrimac's stream, now dramatically picturesque, as in "Skipper Ireson's Ride," and anon ringing to a spirited ballad measure, as in "Barbara Fritchie." Whittier is a poet of nature, and her myriad moods are reflected in his verse. He is eminently a poet of humanity—the champion of the oppressed, the leader of the aspiring, the comforter of the afflicted, the lover of the lowly. His own favorite poet is Robert Burns; and it is characteristic of broad sympathies and a warm heart that none of his puritanical prejudices stood in the way of his admiration for the inspired though very human Scottish plow-boy, of whom he wrote:

"Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So Bonnie Doon but tarry.
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary."

Above all, the dominant note in Whittier's poetry is that of sweet, simple, religious faith. No other great poet of our century has written precisely in this strain. How many a line of his rushes to the memory, pure and grateful as a draught from a mountain spring. Radiant, sunny, trustful without supplication and devout without cant, in their unaffected grace they sing themselves into every heart not totally devoid of susceptibility to the religious sentiment.

The personality of Whittier is, particularly of late years, an unfamiliar one in the haunts of men. A life-long bachelor, of

meditative rather than social disposition, he is yet by no means a hermit, but rather, as he expresses it,

"Nature's compromise between
Good fellow and recluse."

Nor is his Quakerism so pronounced as some people suppose. Although adhering to the faith of his fathers, and to some of its outward customs, such as the use of the Biblical *thee* and *thou* both in writing and speaking, he does not conform strictly to its sedate practices. Those who are happy in his intimate acquaintance describe him as a charming host and fascinating conversationalist, heartily enjoying life and the innocent good things of this world. His peculiar modesty and shyness with strangers or in public give zest to the story told by Mr. George Makepeace Towle, of how Whittier once noisily applauded, in the presence of a large audience, some verses quoted by a lecturer, and was inexpressibly shocked when a friend reminded him that they were from one of his own poems.

The home of Whittier's earlier manhood and middle age was the quaint village of Amesbury, on the Merrimac. Here, too, lived and died his beloved sister Elizabeth, herself a poet of much grace and charm, some of whose verses are included in her brother's volume entitled "Hazel Blossoms." Whittier's home at present, however, and for many years past, is the umbrageous solitude of Oak Knoll, at Danvers, in the vicinity of Boston. Here he dwells in an ancient country house, built upon a picturesque knob in the midst of a great park, surrounded by majestic oaks, elms, and hickory trees. There is little of Quaker severity in this refined and cozy retreat, and the figure of Whittier standing here upon what he calls

"The lonely summit of Fourscore,"

is so gracious, so dignified, so inspiring, that millions of friends wherever the English language is spoken will join us in wishing him many more birthday anniversaries, and the attainment of a still more royally patriarchal old age.

LIFE INSURANCE.—MORE QUESTIONS.

I HAVE had several inquiries about the Progressive Benefit Order, one of the short-term concerns in New Jersey which guarantees a hundred dollars for a few assessments paid during the year. The Superintendent of Insurance of New Jersey has recently caused the arrest of one of the agents of the Progressive Benefit Order for violating the State insurance laws. The commissioner says the company cannot possibly fulfill its promises without imposing upon some of its patrons. All these short-term orders I have denounced must come to grief. Those of my readers who have kept out of them have done well.

MADISON, WIS., OCTOBER 16TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Please give your opinion on the Children's Endowment Society of Minnesota. Give your opinion through the columns of LESLIE'S publication. I inclose pamphlet giving full particulars of same. M. M. G.

Ans.—The Children's Endowment Society proposes, in return for the payment of a stipulated amount in annual dues, to set aside a certain sum to be paid in the form of an endowment on the lives of children. My correspondent may depend upon it that he will pay for all he gets in this or any other concern of a similar character. I prefer this company very much to the children's insurance companies which prevail, because the endowments are payable if the children live, and only partly payable if they die. The success of the company will depend upon the honesty of its management. That must be apparent on the face of things.

BOICE CITY, IDAHO, OCTOBER 10TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Please give me your opinion of the Bankers' Life Association, of Des Moines, Iowa, and the legal responsibility of their contract. Also, if a cashier of a bank recommended it to me would you advise my taking a policy with them? Kindly reply in your next issue. Yours truly, A. P. W.

Ans.—I do not find from the report of the Insurance Commissioner of New York that this company does any business in this State. I have no knowledge upon which to base an opinion regarding its affairs. If my correspondent will submit some data, and tell me what the company promises to do I will advise him. Ordinarily I would accept the advice of the cashier of a bank in a life insurance matter if he was familiar with the life insurance business and was a level-headed man.

MARSHALL, MICH., OCTOBER 15TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—Am a constant reader of FRANK LESLIE'S and have with great interest perused your answers to inquiries about life insurance companies. (1) I am twenty-one years old and can pass any company's medical examination. Under those circumstances would you consider a twenty-year bond for \$1,000 in the Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, Pa., good insurance? The policy is called "Duplex Assurance Bond"—a combination of a policy of insurance in the Fidelity and a cumulative bond of the Lombard Investment Company, and it costs me \$24.40 per year, payments made semi-annually in the sums of \$5.65 for the insurance and \$6.55 for the investment. (2) Is this company really to be considered an assessment company? (3) What is its standing compared to the Northwestern, of Milwaukee, Wis.? (4) And is my policy worth a cash surrender value at the time of surrenderance, or not until the twenty years is up? A. R. L.

Ans.—(1) I think I would prefer to take a bond in one of the three great New York companies. (2) This company is classed in the New York report with the co-operative or assessment associations, and I think properly so. (3) I should greatly prefer the Northwestern. (4) A cash surrender value depends entirely upon what a company contracts to do. The word of an agent is of no account. A written contract by one of the officers of the company must be given to be of any value.

AUGUSTA, ME. *Hermit*:—How do you estimate the Union Mutual of Portland, Me.? How compare with the three great New York companies? What form of insurance and of policy would you recommend for a man forty years of age? Would you consider it a safer investment and a greater protection to take insurance in one of the old-line companies, or the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York? Is there likely to be any surplus for holders of fifteen-year tontine policies in Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association? H. B. H.

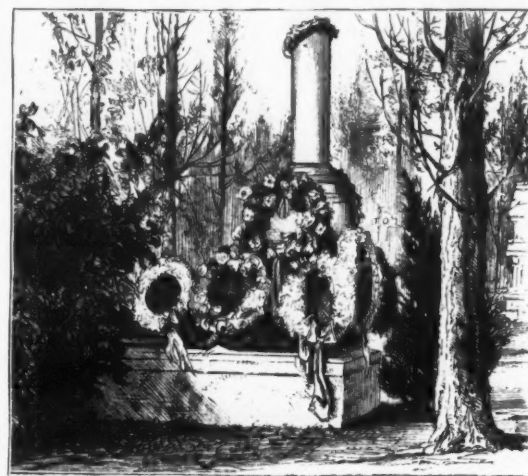
Ans.—The Union Mutual of Portland, Me., has been doing business for a great many years. Its total income last year was over a million dollars, and its disbursements were also over a million, and it had a balance on hand of nearly six million dollars, all apparently well invested. I should think the company was an excellent one of its kind. It is neither as large nor as strong, in my judgment, as any one of the three great New York companies. As to the form of policy that I would advise for a man of forty, I can only say that it depends upon the man's circumstances. He must decide such matters for himself. Insurance in one of the old-line companies would cost him more than in the Mutual Reserve, and would, therefore, entitle him to greater protection. The management of the Mutual Reserve has been very conservative, and its future depends, of course, upon a continuance of that management, which, I am told, is well assured.

DEFIANCE, OHIO, OCTOBER 9TH, 1891. *Hermit*:—A man and his wife in this town, on March 6th, 1871, took out a twenty-year joint endowment policy in the Guardian Mutual, of New York. On this he paid the premium six times, being six semi-annual payments—or in other words, paid the premium for three years; then, in '73, on the 31st day of December, the Guardian Mutual issued a new policy to him entitled the "Tontine Safe Policy" to them, and since which time he has not paid his premiums, as the company refuse to receive them, except by his signing of a surrender of his policy and taking up a new one in some other company. Now what he wishes to know, as well as myself, is, having paid for three years, can he not recover the insurance for the amount he has paid? The original policy expired this year. They

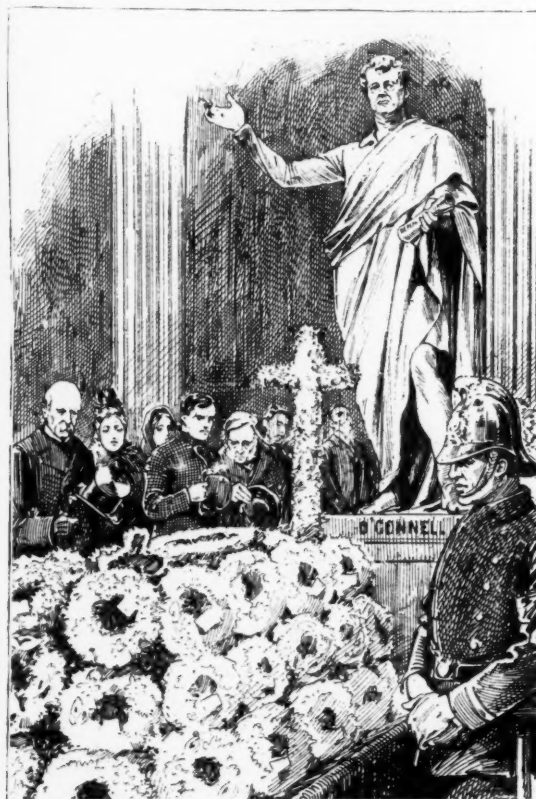
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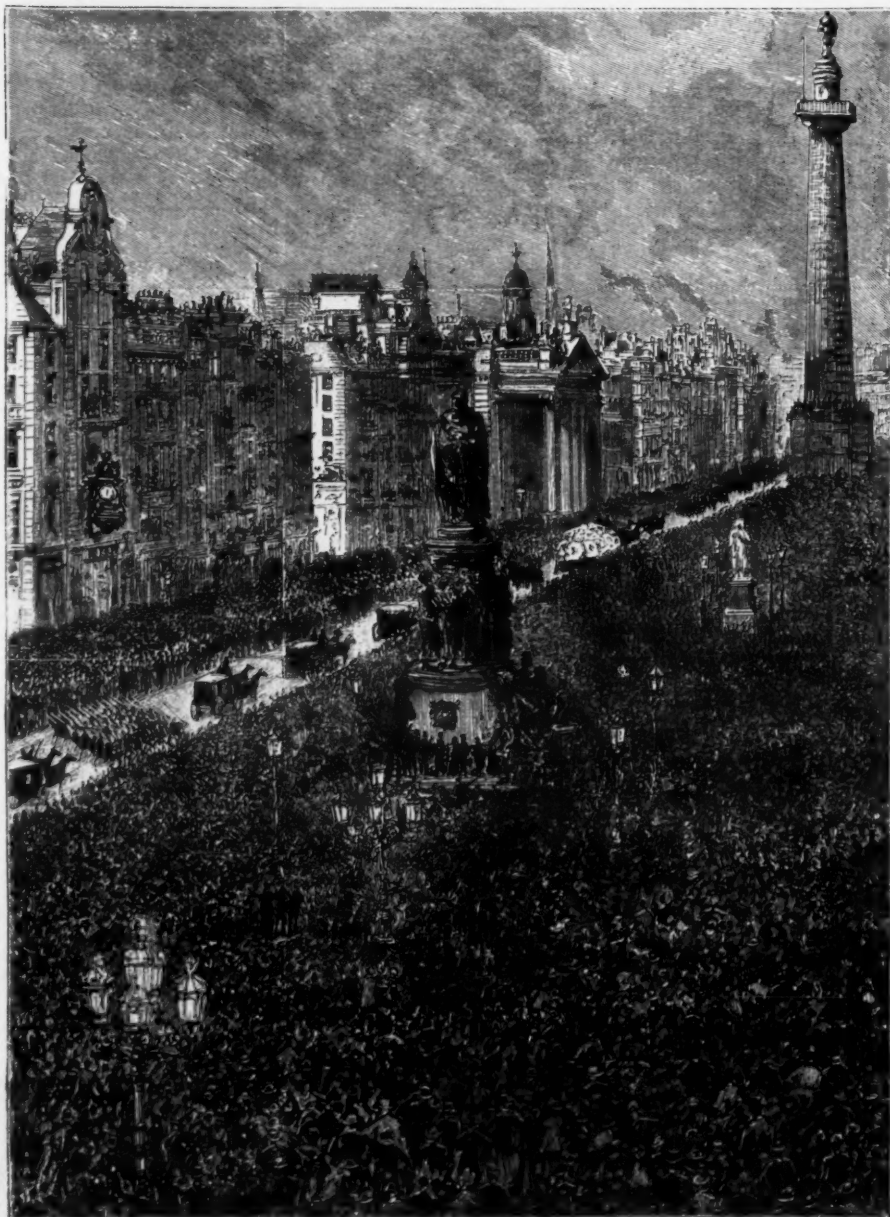
A GLIMPSE OF PRISON LIFE IN SIBERIA—WOMEN VISITORS TO THE PRISON AT IRKUTSK.



TOMB OF MADAME DE BONNEMAIN, WHERE GENERAL BOULANGER COMMITTED SUICIDE.



THE BODY OF MR. PARNELL LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL, DUBLIN.



THE PARNELL FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.



THE WAR IN CHILL—BALMACEDA'S TWO GENERALS KILLED ON THE LAST BATTLE-FIELD, NEAR VALPARAISO.



THE DISTRESS IN RUSSIA—A PEASANT SELLING HIS HORSE.



GLACIER POINT ROCK, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA: ELEVATION, 3,201 FEET.—PHOTO BY TABER.

THE only time the so-called eighty-cent silver dollar seems to possess even more than full value is when an effort is made to borrow one or more.—*Philadelphia Times*.

AN ARTISTIC BOOK.

A RECENT issue by the Meriden Britannia Co.: a catalogue of 1847 Rogers Bros. ware. It is particularly appropriate that beautiful and artistic objects should be beautifully and artistically illustrated, a fact which the authors of this little volume appear to have fully appreciated, for, in the 160 pages, over 150 of them are devoted to full-size illustrations of a multitude of exquisite designs in those necessary utensils of the table—the spoon, the fork, and the knife. There are spoons for tea, for coffee, for salt, for soup, and for eggs; spoons for berries, oranges, salads, ice cream, and bouillons. Spoons large and spoons small, adapted for every conceivable thing where a spoon may be useful, stand out from tinted pages either in groups or in company with forks and knives that match; or, perhaps, snugly resting in sets inclosed in plush cases of varied color. There are nearly seven hundred of these illustrations, all representing articles not only useful, but beautiful and artistic as well. Prominent among them is a new design named the Portland, which in the combined strength and delicacy of its execution cannot fail to win the approbation of the most fastidious.

The 1847 Rogers Bros. Brand, after an existence covering nearly half a century, has become a synonym for all that is durable and best. Its admitted pre-eminence has provoked numerous imitations, but those who desire the genuine were always carefully seek for the date of 1847 (which precedes the name) and consequently protect themselves from imposition.

The catalogue, as well as the objects themselves, can be seen at the store of every first-class jeweler or dealer in sterling silver or electro-plate.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS FROM NEW YORK TO WASHINGTON.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad, through its personally-conducted tourist system, and an unexcelled standard of high service, has won an enviable record for itself in these Washington tours. They have revolutionized the old system of travel, where so much incidental worry attended the planning of a few days' jaunt.

To visit the capital under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad has its advantages not only from a point of comfort, but also expense. The next of the season will leave New York, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, in a special fast express train, October 20th, at 11 A.M., reaching Washington early that evening; returning leave Washington 3:30 P.M. the following Saturday. The round trip rate of \$12.50 includes, in addition to railroad fare in both directions, meals en route, accommodations and board at the principal hotels in Washington. The dates of the later tours of this series are November 12th, 26th, and December 10th.

EVERY systematic housekeeper keeps Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. Price, 25 cents.
For pains in the joints, rheumatism, and gout, Salvation Oil has no equal. Price, 25 cents.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 50 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Crop prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

COMPLEXION powder is an absolute necessity of the refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Once tried, used always."

SECURE a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

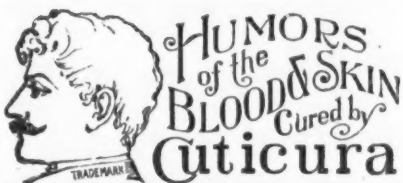
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod-liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.

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NO OTHER

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

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BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

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Ten Per Cent. First Mortgage Loans.

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A most delicate and agreeable powder for the complexion.

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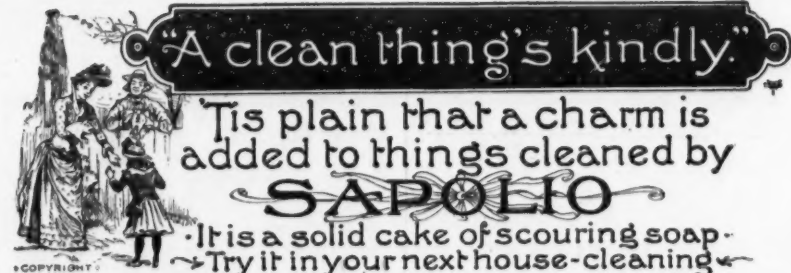
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